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# ARNOLD DELAHAIZE;

## OR, THE HUGUENOT

## PASTOR.



LONDON:

BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1863.

250. m. 208.

# PREFACE.

THE story of ARNOLD DELAHAIZE is an imaginary biography, but the principal circumstances in which he was placed, and the incidents grouped around him, are matters of real history.

Never, in any age of the Church, was bitter persecution borne with more constancy, humility, and true devotion, than by the Huguenot martyrs who perished during the reigns of Louis XIV. and his successor; their sufferings and their heroism need no heightened colouring to excite our utmost pity and admiration. The lives of the learned and gentle Louis de Marolles, and his fellow-prisoner, Isaac le Fevre, of Jacob Bayle, of Elie Neau, of Sabbatier, and of other martyrs and confessors, have in some measure furnished the materials from which the following tale is constructed. I have been guided by various books, both ancient and modern, where general history is concerned, chiefly by Benoît's "Histoire de l'Edit de Nantes," St. Simon's "Mémoires," Claude's "Plaintes des Protestants," Weisse's "Histoire des Réfugiés Pro-

testants de France," N. Peyrat's "Pasteurs du Désert," and C. Cocquerel's "Eglises du Désert."

The most horrible features of the persecution I have veiled or omitted; the cruel stories recorded by contemporary writers, would rather inflict pain on my readers than excite their reverence and love for the noble men and women who suffered.

Benoît, in the fifth volume of his great work, gives a long list of those who were persecuted for their faith, who were murdered, tortured, imprisoned, or sent to serve at the galleys. He wished, in the spirit of "Old Mortality," to preserve the fame of the martyrs among men, and in a similar spirit this story was composed, as a small tribute to their memory.

It is perhaps necessary to state that Aimé de Rohan and Marie de la Noue belong to imaginary branches in the genealogical trees of the two great Huguenot leaders.

# ARNOLD DELAHAIZE.

## CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the year 1670, at the small town of Rovère on the western coast of France, there dwelt M. de St. Arnault, the Protestant pastor of the district in which the town was situated. He had lived among his people for many years, and enjoyed universal respect and esteem, though a naturally stern and joyless disposition somewhat impaired the love which should exist between the minister and his flock.

The death of his wife, several years before this story commences, had aggravated rather than softened his asperity, for her nature was of the gentlest kind, and her sunny temper and abounding charity compensated largely for her husband's poverty in both those virtues.

M. de St. Arnault had married late in middle life, and found himself left with a young son and daughter when his own years were advanced, and, unhappily, he had lost all feelings of youth himself, and almost all consideration for such feelings in others.

His home would have been far from a happy one but for his daughter Clara, who inherited all her mother's virtues,

with the addition of great depth of character, and personal attractions of the highest order. Good and gentle as she was, her father's severity pressed but lightly upon her; she was ready to sacrifice any wish or pleasure to his will, however unreasonable it might be. But it was very different with her brother Ernest, whom she loved with overflowing affection. He, indeed, repaid her love with all the devotion of a very affectionate heart, but this was his greatest merit; injudicious severity had nipped the good and developed the evil of his proud and fiery spirit, so that disobedience and deceit had become habitual to him.

Ernest was at this time about fifteen years of age, his eager desire for pleasure and excitement, his love of adventure, were curbed by his father's stern precepts as with a chain of iron; almost all amusement, however innocent, was forbidden, and libelled as a crime, so he rushed, eagerly and surreptitiously, to amusement which was not innocent, or at any rate which was enjoyed at expense of his obedience. Concealment was not always possible, even to Ernest's practised cunning, and then annoying penance or heavy punishment was inflicted upon him, which he endured with a smarting sense of wrong and injustice, and which always roused within him a burning desire for fresh transgression.

Clara, on whom the care of the household devolved, was several years younger than Ernest, but she was old enough to see her father's errors, and to feel acutely for her unfortunate brother, who, except in the concealment of his worst pranks, was always true and honest to her. She kept the smouldering feud between him and his father from bursting into open war, but she could not hinder the growth of those evil passions which that feud engendered.

Besides his own two children M. St. Arnault had taken for an inmate the youngest son of the Marquis de Rohan, a Huguenot nobleman, who, having married a Roman Catholic lady of high rank, allowed all his family to be educated in their mother's creed except his youngest and favourite son, Aimé. Aimé had been contracted almost in his infancy to a young Protestant heiress, Marie de la Noue, whose property joined that of his father's; and as the children increased in years they both acquiesced heartily in the idea that they were to spend their lives together when they grew up, and laid many a juvenile plan of future happiness. Aimé had been several years a pupil of M. St. Arnault, but he always spent at least two months of each year at home. When absent from Marie, he sought consolation by making Clara the confidante of his affection; she listened with ready sympathy, and took much interest in his engagement, and often exercised her ingenuity in furnishing small presents to the little bride.

Aimé was about a year older than Ernest, and possessed as high and enterprising a spirit; he also fretted under the stern discipline of the pastor, and was ready enough to play truant and engage in forbidden pastimes, but a better principle and a natural good taste prevented him from joining his comrade in any serious misconduct, though in the matter of punishment he was the greater sufferer, as he scorned to defend himself by a falsehood, while Ernest frequently evaded all retribution by a skilful deceit, in which he was too well practised. Hitherto M. St. Arnault had steadily refused to receive any second pupil into his house, but circumstances now forced him to give the shelter of his roof to an orphan boy, named Arnold Delahaize, the son of a very old friend and distant relation.

Arnold was the child of zealous Protestants, and he could claim ancient nobility on both sides of his house; but the family property had been reduced to a moderate competence during the religious wars which preceded the accession of Henri IV., and his father as well as himself never asserted a title to any rank beyond that of a gentleman. His mother, born of one of the best families in Italy, had renounced a brilliant destiny from love of the Reformed faith, and after seeing her parents perish in the prisons of the Inquisition she narrowly escaped a similar fate by a hasty flight to France. There she met with Philip Delahaize, and soon afterwards became his wife. Their wedded happiness did not last many years, for the poor lady was left a widow before the little Arnold attained his sixth birthday. Bitterly she grieved, till the child became her comforter and gradually brought her consolation for all she had lost.

Seven years of widowhood passed, and then a mortal sickness gently led her to rejoin her husband. Arnold, who had nursed her with the utmost tenderness, was for a time smitten with a sorrow that overwhelmed every other feeling, and not till the first agony had passed away could he exercise the principles of faith and trust he had learnt from the lips so lately closed by death.

Even in those young days he had the true spirit of religion, a spirit which entered into every thought and action, and which brought back first submission, then happiness to his almost broken heart.

The orphan boy possessed unusual acquirements in many branches of knowledge: he was not only familiar with his father's and his mother's tongue but also with that of England, for an English nurse had enabled him to speak with a pure accent such as a Frenchman seldom acquires; his

powers of intellect and imagination were of the rarest order; and his superiority was tempered by an exceeding modesty and an utter absence of selfishness, which, together with the light-hearted cheerfulness habitual to him, won the affection of all his companions.

When, however, he arrived at Rovère all his good qualities were obscured. Ernest and Aimé regarded him with indifference or contempt, as dull and woman-bred, and incapable of joining in their favourite amusements,—his strict integrity and rigid obedience laid him open to suspicion and dislike, while he was yet a stranger; for though nobody had been more ready than he to join in the dance or in any festivity while his mother was there to look on, he submitted now without a murmur, or rather with perfect content, to the restraint which was so irksome to his more lively comrades.

He, as well as Ernest and Aimé, might grow weary of tiresome exhortations, and long doctrinal sermons in which he could discover no edification, but, unlike them, he preserved a respectful demeanour and concealed the yawns he could not suppress. So it came to pass that Ernest ridiculed him and played many practical jokes at his expense, while Aimé, though he never offered him the slightest unkindness, treated him with cold indifference; neither of the strong bold boys had known sorrow, and they could not understand its numbing influence on the poor orphan.

It was left for Clara to make up for the deficiencies of her brother and his comrade; she had penetration enough to discover at once the rare qualities of the melancholy boy, and strove by the most gentle kindness and attention to win him back to happiness; he soon repaid her efforts by a very warm affection, and thus began between those two almost children a love such as is rarely seen on earth.

Among the youth of the neighbourhood there were two brothers named Marat, with whom Ernest was on terms of great intimacy, notwithstanding a warning from his father against frequenting their society; they had been brought up with careless indulgence, and their example encouraged the pastor's son in all his wild pranks and surreptitious amusements. Roger, the younger, was about the same age as Ernest, but he was much inferior to him in acquirements and in natural disposition. The high-bred Aimé occasionally tolerated these brothers as companions, but he never admitted them to his intimacy, and when Arnold learnt their character he shunned them gently and withdrew himself from their society with as little offence as possible.

Ernest, Aimé, and Arnold all shared the same apartment at night, and both the latter were aware that Ernest's bed was occasionally empty when he was supposed to be quietly asleep; more than once, too, Arnold found himself the only tenant of the room till a very late hour of the night, his two companions being absent at some dance or festival in the neighbourhood. He felt uncomfortable in being the unwilling confidant of their disobedience, but he never uttered a word, even to Clara, of what he had observed, until one unfortunate expedition forced him to become a witness against Ernest. This was on the occasion of a fair at some miles' distance from Rovère, to which, after a vain attempt to obtain Aimé's companionship, Ernest had repaired, with the two Marats, when all the household were in bed.

Some hours were spent in various amusements before they turned homeward, and Ernest was induced by his companions to assist in the perpetration of some boyish mischief at a farm-house which lay in their path.

They were discovered and hotly pursued, the elder Marat

was captured, but Roger escaped with Ernest, and both took refuge in the sleeping apartment of the latter. Aimé and Arnold awoke on the entrance of the fugitives, and Ernest, as soon as he found breath, related what had happened, and requested them both to shield him from punishment if any accusation was brought against him, by maintaining that he had never left his room after retiring to rest; he declared, with full confidence, that he had escaped unrecognized, and that they would run no risk of discovery if they supported him manfully. Aimé hesitated a little, but at last promised to bear false witness; he looked upon his tutor almost as a tyrant, and though he would not have told a direct lie to save himself from punishment he felt little compunction in sinning for the benefit of another. Arnold declared he would remain silent as to all that had happened as far as he was able, but he could not utter a falsehood. Both Ernest and Roger longed to use threats or even violence to gain a promise from the boy, but in Aimé's presence neither of them dared to use stronger pressure than persuasive words.

Some time passed uneasily enough with all the boys, then when the fear of pursuit was over, Roger left the room and reached his own home in safety.

Morning dawned, and with it came the hour of trial, for some prying neighbour had seen two boys enter M. St. Arnault's house at an unseemly hour, and, with the timid stipulation that her evidence should be kept a secret from the culprits, she gave the injured farmer such information as led him at once to lay his complaint before the pastor.

M. St. Arnault would have summoned his son and his pupils together to his study, and examined them in the farmer's presence, but the man suggested the prudence of questioning each boy separately, so Ernest was first put

upon his trial alone, and then, without any faltering, he declared he had never left his room after retiring for the night, and that no one had entered their sleeping apartment; some further questions were put to him, all of which he answered boldly, for he was kept in ignorance of the positive evidence which connected the culprits with his father's house; he was dismissed, and ordered to remain in the sleeping apartment till further orders. Then Aimé came up for examination, and gave his false testimony with some trepidation; his rising colour and quickened breath convinced both his auditors that one, at least, of the guilty stood before them; M. St. Arnault sternly charged him with disobedience and falsehood, and ordered him to withdraw to the sitting room and there await his sentence. Then Arnold, pale and trembling, came to his ordeal; he hesitated and stammered and showed such reluctance to give any testimony that he aroused M. St. Arnault's suspicions against himself, but the farmer declared that the three boys who had trespassed on his property were all several inches taller than Arnold, with whom he was well acquainted, and that the poor child's agitation was caused by a kind-hearted feeling for his schoolfellows. With such a feeling the pastor had no sympathy, and he ordered Arnold to answer directly whether Ernest and Aimé had not both left their sleeping apartment for several hours during the past night.

Arnold eagerly exculpated the latter, but he was utterly unprepared with any evasion when M. St. Arnault said sternly,

"Who was it then that Ernest brought to this house at two o'clock in the morning?"

Before Arnold could answer the farmer said, "I could nearly take my oath it was Roger Marat, whose elder

brother we caught in his flight; you need not say 'yes,' master Arnold, if you don't like it, I see in your face I have guessed truly; besides, if I were wrong you would not let an innocent youth bear blame."

M. St. Arnault acquiesced in this reasoning, still he would have forced positive words from Arnold's reluctant lips, and even have inflicted punishment on him for attempting to shield the guilty, if the good-natured farmer had not interposed in his favour.

Arnold was dismissed with a reprimand, and Ernest, who did not know with what difficulty his guilt and Roger's complicity in it had been drawn from his young comrade, or rather gathered from his silence, looked on him as his betrayer and bore him enmity in consequence, an enmity which was fostered and aggravated by Roger and his brother as well as by the punishment which M. St. Arnault thought proper to impose as an expiation of the thoughtless mischief. After a cruel personal chastisement, Ernest was put on bread and water diet and shut up in solitary confinement in a small unfurnished room, separated from the rest of the house by a long passage, and only used for such imprisonment; it was strongly built, and secured so as to render escape impossible by any means of which Ernest was master; here he had time to fret and brood over his wrongs and his plans of vengeance.

Aimé was spared the wearying confinement, and though he expiated his friendly falsehood with more than sufficient severity, he did Arnold justice and tried to console him under the grief he felt while Ernest's punishment lasted. For seven days the culprit was cut off from all companionship, then he was released and required to show penitence; he complied outwardly, and for a short time kept up a show

conveyed to the place of meeting, where they might be put on before joining the company.

The holiday morning rose as fair as the boys could wish; Aimé went to his brother, and the other two started on their expedition, taking their dinner with them. Ernest kept reflection at arm's-length, and entertained evil and revengeful thoughts; while Arnold was unusually cheerful, and unwittingly chafed his moody companion almost beyond endurance.

Just as they had agreed to dine, after walking six or seven miles, a miserable-looking woman asked for charity, and Ernest, though generally ready enough to give, indulged his irritable temper by declaring roughly that he had nothing for her. She turned sorrowfully away, but Arnold, who really was penniless at the time, hastily divided his dinner, and giving her one half, expressed his sorrow that he could bestow no other alms. She received his gift thankfully and went on her way, while the boys sat down to rest and eat.

They soon resumed their journey, and collected a few flowers as they went on. Ernest's moodiness visibly increased, and Arnold's unwonted gaiety vanished; a sort of constraint stole over him, but he had no suspicion of any treachery; and even when the brothers Marat approached, he felt merely embarrassed, and apprehended no danger to himself from their arrival. Ernest greeted them very warmly, and they immediately invited him to join the village festival close at hand; he agreed with alacrity, and declared confidently that Arnold would also be of their party. But Arnold refused, and would listen to no persuasions; on the contrary, he entreated Ernest not to go against his father's wishes. Whereupon Marat remarked it was impossible to leave such a boy by himself in a strange part of the country,

that they were all going to attend the ball, and that he must do as his elders did. Roger supported his brother's opinion, and added that he supposed it was Arnold's intention to turn talebearer and get his companion into trouble again.

Arnold would have answered with some indignation, but Ernest exclaimed impatiently—

"What is the use of all this talking? He shall come—he shall row in the same boat as ourselves, and then he will hold his tongue for his own sake. Bring out the clothes—let us dress at once!"

Arnold looked astonished and dismayed when his best suit was produced, all creased and tumbled by careless packing.

"O Ernest, how could you do this?" he said.

"Do this?" repeated Ernest; "can you think I would take you to a ball in your old dusty coat? Off with it quickly, or perhaps Marat will help you."

"Ernest," remonstrated the boy, "let me have my clothes; I will go slowly home, I will wait for you here, if you bid me, but I will not go to this meeting."

"You shall not choose," cried Roger. "We are going, and we won't leave a tell-tale at liberty to spoil our sport."

Arnold saw that he had no chance against his enemies save in flight, so he sprung actively away, and if he had been acquainted with the country, he might have escaped; but Roger broke through a fence, and by a short cut intercepted his retreat. He was soon captured and brought back again to the place from whence he started. This was a lonely spot, about a mile from the nearest village, apart from any path, and covered by thick bushes and trees. It had been purposely chosen by Roger as a fit place for dressing, and as affording Arnold no chance of invoking the aid of any passenger in case he chose to appeal against their oppression.

by a nightmare with the thought that he must either utter falsehood or bring Clara's brother to severe punishment and disgrace.

Among the company present was Lord Langdale, an Englishman, with his wife and son, the latter of whom was among the dancers. Lady Langdale sat, admiring the grace of her own boy, and sympathizing with his innocent merriment, while Lord Langdale amused himself by walking among the various groups, and occasionally addressing some observation in good French to any one who struck his fancy. He was standing in the outer circle when Ernest's offered cakes were rejected, and his attention was drawn by the evident tyranny to which Arnold was subjected, so he resolved to play the deliverer if such a part proved necessary, and walked carelessly towards the two boys.

Ernest met his glance boldly, and it was to him that the Englishman addressed the simple inquiry—

"Why did they not join the dance?"

Ernest cast an instantaneous look of menace on Arnold, and replied—

"We have walked many miles, and are very tired."

"Your companion looks ill and unhappy as well," returned the Englishman with some sternness; "what ails him, and why do you threaten him?"

At this moment Roger and his brother came up, and Ernest exclaimed, with a burst of passion—

"He is our school-mate, and last time we went to a merry-meeting he turned tell-tale, and got us punished. This time he came with us to the village, and then he grew horribly afraid of a paltry flogging from our master, and wanted to steal away home."

"Ay," said Roger, supporting Ernest in his falsehood,

"I thought all along the little rascal only seemed to join us that he might play the spy and get us into trouble again."

"Is this true, my child?" inquired Lord Langdale, looking full in Arnold's sweet ingenuous countenance, now blushing for shame at the disgraceful imputation on his character.

Arnold could frame no answer so skilfully as either to avoid accusing Ernest, or infringing upon truth, so with a heavy heart he kept his promised silence; but the sad, perplexed look with which he met the searching eyes of his questioner spoke nearly as plainly as words could do, and Lord Langdale, convinced that he was falsely accused, and that his tongue was tied by fear alone, resolved to take him under his protection at once.

His benevolent intentions would in any case have proved fruitless, for Arnold considered his promise bound him to reject assistance against his persecutors from any of the guests at the festival; but before the Englishman could take any farther steps in the matter, he was hastily summoned by Lady Langdale to pacify a violent altercation which had arisen between her son Edward Coniston, and a young Frenchman considerably his senior.

The English lad, who was about the same age as Arnold, asserted his claim to the hand of a very pretty girl who had quietly ignored her engagement to him, and faithlessly accepted a less juvenile partner.

Neither of the disputants could speak the language of the other, but both understood the language of blows, and a fight was imminent.

Lord Langdale, with great temper and courtesy, succeeded in preventing a breach of the peace, and, as soon as harmony was restored, he returned to the spot where he had left Arnold and his oppressors. In vain he looked

round among the various groups assembled, he could gain no trace of the youths he sought, till at last one of the by-standers declared that three of their number came from Rovère, and that they had probably left the assembly to return home. He also suggested that their pale, unhappy-looking companion was an English boy sent over to France for his education, as he seemed unwilling to answer any one who casually addressed him, and was evidently a prey to melancholy.

Lord Langdale mentally acknowledged the probability of the conjecture, for Arnold's complexion and appearance were rather English than French, and he felt all the more anxious to shield his supposed young countryman from the unkindness of his comrades. So after relating his adventure to Lady Langdale, he determined to ride to Rovère early the next morning, and to pursue his investigation till his mind was fully satisfied.

In the meantime, Ernest and the bad brothers had quitted the assembly with Arnold. They were all anxious to escape farther notice from the resolute Englishman, so they pursued their way home without delay, and did not stop to rest till they were within two or three miles of Rovère; then Ernest held a short consultation with his confederates, of which Arnold rightly conjectured himself to be the subject, and he was soon made acquainted with the result of their debate.

"Listen to me, young one," said Ernest; "you made me suffer the worst punishment I ever got from my father, and drew Roger into the scrape too, so we are resolved to pay you out; but you did not complain of us to that Englishman, so if you own to my father that you have been to this merry-meeting as if you had gone of your own accord, we will let you off with only the beating and starving I have had to bear scores of times at his hands."

" O Ernest," exclaimed Arnold, " beat me yourself, or let Roger Marat beat me, as much you like ; I will never tell. I have eaten nothing since the morning, and I wont eat anything till to-morrow ; but do not make your father, and Aimé, and, and—" he paused, and did not let Clara's name pass his lips—" all of them think me a hypocrite."

Ernest was in some degree touched by this appeal, and if he had been less entangled in his own scheme, he might have given up his meditated deceit ; as it was, he remained silent, leaving Roger to answer his petitioner.

" Nonsense, young one," he said, roughly, " do you think if we had wanted to beat you ourselves we should have waited all this time ? We are determined to trick the old pastor and make him our executioner ! You will catch it finely too, for you have forgotten to change your coat !"

Arnold looked on his dress with dismay, and Ernest too was annoyed as he remembered that their cast-off clothes had been left under a bush some seven or eight miles distant. Both the brothers laughed, but Ernest stopped them with a frown, and desired Roger to go and recover the clothes in the morning.

He promised to do so, and Ernest resumed—

" We are in for it now and shall get more than I bargained for. One of you might have thought of those confounded clothes. It can't be helped now. Come, Arnold, give your promise at once, or we must force you."

Arnold hesitated, and Roger exclaimed—

" He won't promise, or if he does he will manage to betray you notwithstanding ; the best plan will be to give him a good dose of brandy, enough to stop his mouth, and then you can tell your father what you please.'

" We will not give him too much at first," added Marat,

producing a flask, "he shall have just enough to make him mischievous, as quiet fellows generally are when they swallow more than usual; then we will have some fun with him—perhaps he will help to rob a hen-roost!"

Struck with terror, Arnold clung to Ernest in speechless supplication; but the Marats pulled him off, and as he felt himself powerless in their hands, he uttered a despairing cry for help.

"Stop a moment, Marat," said Ernest, "I won't have this done if we can help it; if the young one holds his tongue and says nothing, either good or bad, it will pass with my father for fear or sullenness, and I can say what I please. Promise to do this, Arnold, and you shall not be forced to drink."

The trembling boy was helpless in the grasp of Roger's strong arms, and Marat, putting the flask to his white lips, with fierce menaces bade him drink.

"Save me, Ernest!" he cried, through his firmly-clenched teeth.

"Promise, or you must drink," answered Ernest, sullenly; and Arnold gave his promise with faint and reluctant words. Both the brothers seemed disappointed, and Roger did not release his captive till Ernest, with considerable irritation, ordered him to take his hands off. Night was closing in, and the whole party proceeded in uncomfortable silence through the increasing gloom.

Arnold shrank from the Marats, and kept as close as possible to Ernest, who paid him no attention till the tired boy stumbled over some obstacle in the path; then he peevishly rebuked him for his clumsiness, though at the same time, he prevented his fall.

Arnold regarded his action more than his words, and as

he expressed his thanks, he clung almost tenderly to the ready arm which held him up. Ernest shook him off rudely, and complaining of fatigue, desired Marat to "help the boy along, or they would never reach home."

Afraid to offer any opposition, Arnold allowed Marat to take his arm, and though he carefully watched his opportunity, he was unable to withdraw it till they were within about twenty yards of the Pastor's house, and M. St. Arnault himself encountered them, with deep but suppressed indignation.

"What has kept you both so late," he said, "and why are you in company I have forbidden?"

There was no answer; and the offended Pastor turning haughtily from the two brothers, desired Ernest and Arnold to follow him to the house. They obeyed, and as the three figures vanished in the twilight, Roger expressed his compassion for Ernest, and turned homewards with Marat, both reflecting complacently that no grim tutor, no punishment awaited themselves.

Not a word farther, either of question or reproach, did M. St. Arnault address to his prisoners till he had entered the house and ushered them into his study; then, with stern displeasure, he demanded where they had been, and how they came in familiar companionship with persons of evil reputation.

Ernest hesitated as if seeking for some subterfuge; then he alleged, with apparent frankness, that they had fallen in with the Marats by chance, and had been induced by them to attend a village festival instead of seeking the wild-flowers.

"We did not join the dancers," added Ernest, as he saw, with some apprehension, an intense wrath gathering in his father's eyes, "we were tired, and only sat for a short time in the outer circle."

"You dare maintain," said M. St. Arnault, sternly, "that without premeditation you were led into sin? Have you both agreed to deceive me, when your holiday garments betray your guilt? You, Arnold Delahaize, who seemed so true and honest, have you fallen at once into such grievous wickedness? It may be that in this matter your guilt is less than Ernest's, yet you shall share equally in his punishment. I shall visit your first transgression severely, that you may dread to go on in the evil course you have commenced."

The old man paused; perhaps he expected some expression of repentance, some entreaty for pardon, but there was a dead silence, and as if struck by a new thought, he turned to Ernest and enquired, "where they had left the clothes they wore in the morning?"

"They will be brought home to-morrow," he replied, with assumed carelessness.

"To-morrow? Will they?" said M. St. Arnault, "then you will have to do without them to-night. Take off, instantly, both of you your best coat and waistcoat; for the next week you may wear your garden-suits, for you will see no company."

Ernest obeyed at once, but Arnold, in his confusion, was less prompt, and the damaged condition of his dress provoked a bitter criticism from the pastor, when it might rather have awakened a natural suspicion of the violence its owner had suffered.

Then M. St. Arnault took up a cane, and ordered Ernest to approach. He did so with the utmost unconcern, and received what we should now call a most cruel beating, as if his body were invulnerable to pain.

Arnold trembled, and hid his face while his oppressor suffered, but he came up to his guardian manfully at the first summons to himself.

Something in his manner and appearance softened M. St. Arnault, for he stayed his hand, and promised to abate his threatened severity if the (supposed) culprit would make humble and full confession of his offence, and promise that it should never be repeated.

Arnold gave a hasty look at Ernest, but Ernest's eyes were turned away; he looked at his guardian also, but how could he confess, without falsehood, or without betraying the wicked conspiracy by which he had been entrapped? His lips were sealed, and his silence mistaken for obstinacy. M. St. Arnault dismissed all thoughts of leniency, and harshly ordered him to prepare for the rod. Then, for the first time, he felt the torture a cane can inflict in the hands of an angry man. He felt it acutely, but he bore it gallantly, though after a few moments he grasped a chair and leant on it for support.

Ernest had imagined he should find satisfaction in the suffering of his young school-mate, but he was completely mistaken. Already his revenge recoiled bitterly on himself. He felt the child's nobility and his own vileness; he longed to interfere—to undo the work he had woven with such subtlety, but he hardened his heart, till one deep sigh of pain half-suppressed smote his ear; then he started forwards, exclaiming, "Have a little mercy, sir! consider this was a widow's son; he is not used to stripes from his youth up, as I am; look on his face, and you will see he can bear no more." M. St. Arnault paused; he laid aside his cane, never, as it proved, to use it again, but he made no comment on his son's words: he opened the study door, near which hung the ordinary out-door dresses of the family, and after deliberately selecting the clothes which belonged to Ernest and Arnold, he delivered them to their owners as a substitute for

their missing clothes, and desired the two boys to enter the passage which led to the prison-room.

Ernest attempted to draw Arnold's arm within his own as they walked, but the boy shrank from his touch; his tardy interference almost seemed hypocrisy, and smarting under the effects of his comrade's treachery, Arnold could not believe in his newly-awakened kindness.

The passage they traversed was light enough by day, and even in the lingering twilight the pastor could see his way, so he took no lamp; and the boys went into the desolate room without exciting any consideration on his part that one of them was in no condition to support further chastisement. Ruthlessly, therefore, he condemned them to a penance of twelve hours' absolute fast, and locked them up in darkness and discomfort.

The room was almost destitute of furniture, and Arnold sat down on the floor, supporting his back against the wall; he felt a little compunction for repulsing Ernest's friendly advance, mingled with much doubt as to the sincerity which prompted it, and the tumult of his mind found vent in a very deep sigh.

Ernest came and sat down near him, determined to break the mournful silence—perhaps, to administer a balm to the wounds he had inflicted.

"My father does not lay on with a light hand," he said, "there is no fear of his spoiling the child by sparing the rod! Lucky for me that I am well used to it; I suffered less than you though I got twice as many stripes. You were very near fainting, and afterwards you could hardly walk; that is why I tried to take your arm."

"I am sorry," answered Arnold, "that I shrank away, if you really meant kindly by me!"

"Yes, I did *then*," said Ernest, "but no wonder you mistrusted me. Don't turn chicken-hearted," he continued, as Arnold again uttered a very bitter sigh; "you bore my father's cruelty as bravely as I did; why, most boys would have made the house ring at getting such a beating for the first time."

"Ah!" said Arnold, "I do not care for the pain, much, at least; but your father and Clara, too, will look on me as a liar and a hypocrite."

"My father? Oh no!" said Ernest, laughing. "You puzzled him before, he could discover no fault in you; you contradicted all his theories, now his mind will be easy, he will think you want the rod, like the rest of us; and as to Clara, depend upon it she will lay the chief blame of this on me at once; she will excuse you and pity you, besides, I shall tell her all about it the next good fit I get, then she will weep and preach and forgive me, while she will pet you more than ever; just set your mind at ease, and forget your troubles in sleep as I intend to do. These boards are uncommonly hard, though," he added with a dissatisfied groan, as he stretched himself at full length on the floor; "especially when one is bruised all over. I hope Clara will worry my father into giving us something like a bed before to-morrow night."

Poor Arnold did draw some consolation for himself from Ernest's words, but he was much distressed at the reckless spirit which inspired them, and when, in a few minutes, his companion fell asleep, apparently without a prayer or a serious thought, he endeavoured to ease his mind by very fervent petitions to Heaven for Ernest as well as himself.

Then he too slept, and in his dreams his mother seemed to visit him, and chase away all sorrow.

Morning came, but Arnold still slept on, the sleep of utter

exhaustion, till Ernest, impatient of silence and of his own thoughts, resolved to rouse him.

"Come, Arnold," he cried, "wake up! and tell us how you are;" but Arnold did not wake at first, and his appearance excited remorse and some apprehension in the mind of his late enemy.

"Come, Arnold," he repeated, shaking him gently.

The boy awoke, but he neither spoke nor moved, only he looked up fearfully, as if he expected to be tormented.

"I am not going to tease you or hurt you in any way," said Ernest, in a vexed tone, "don't look at me so, only wake up and talk to one a bit. I am horribly hungry, but we shall not get anything for the next three hours. Luckily I have two biscuits in my pocket which we will divide. Ah! now I think of it, you have not eaten since yesterday morning, and then you gave away half your dinner; you must be starving. I did get some supper, so you shall have both biscuits; it won't hurt me to wait."

He paused a moment; then, as Arnold lay silent with closed eyes, he added—

"Why don't you answer me? are you turned sulky?"

"No," said Arnold in a low hollow tone, as he tried to put his hand in Ernest's; "but I am very ill."

Ernest grasped his hand, it was cold as ice, and there was a grey shade over his face.

"What's the matter, Arnold, dear Arnold?" he cried.

"I think I am going to my mother," he whispered. "I am glad—do not grieve for me—I forgive you with all my heart, forgive me, too, that I could not tell a lie for you; I never was so sorry to speak the truth; and oh, Ernest, do not disobey your father any more!"

Here he fainted, and Ernest went almost frantic with sor-

row and remorse. He knocked, he called, he shouted, but there was no answer; and, for a little time he gave way to despair. At last, Arnold's colour grew more natural, and his eyes opened again to the light; then Ernest took his hands, and poured forth eager words of repentance, imploring him to keep up a little longer, till help came.

"I have knocked," he said, "I have shouted at the top of my voice, no one attends, and it is impossible to get out of this room when my father secures the door."

Arnold lay quite still, and his companion sat by him, alternately rubbing his hands, and putting small pieces of biscuit into his mouth.

"Don't be so very sorry," he said, as he swallowed the dry morsels with difficulty, "I do not think I am dying now; I feel better."

But he looked so very ill, that Ernest uttered a hearty prayer for his father's speedy arrival, and even vowed to make full confession of his treacherous cruelty, if Arnold survived its effects.

Help was nearer at hand than he expected, and it came through Lord Langdale, who walked over to Rovère very early in the morning to pursue his inquiries. The first persons he addressed were Clara and Aimé, who were standing outside the house, holding sad conference over the fault and the punishment of their companions.

At the time of Ernest's and Arnold's return, Clara had been lying down in her own room, most unusually afflicted with a bad head-ache, and Aimé had been spending the last moments with his brother. Neither had received any detailed account of the catastrophe till M. St. Arnault gave them his version of the story at breakfast-time, without inviting any comment from his auditors. They maintained a respectful

silence till the meal was over, and then stole a few moments from their accustomed employments to talk over what excited a very painful interest in their minds.

The bright sunshine tempted them out of the house, and Clara had just induced Aimé to join her in the belief of Arnold's innocence of any premeditated disobedience of her father's orders, when Lord Langdale approached them.

With a short but courteous preface he gave an account of the scene he had witnessed at the festival, and an accurate description of the two principal actors, declaring his conviction that the elder boy, with the assistance of his accomplices, had brought his young companion to the festival against his will, and kept him there by force or fear.

"The poor child's dress was torn and disordered," he concluded; "he looked the picture of misery; I could not get him to answer my questions, but I would have rescued him if I had not been suddenly called away on some other matter. I would give a great deal to find him out, and his black-browed, sullen-looking comrade."

Aimé glanced at Clara, and it was she who answered the stranger, steadfastly, but with an expression of deep sorrow.

"They are my brother," she said, "and my father's ward. I knew, I felt Arnold was innocent. He would not accuse Ernest. He suffered in silence, and Ernest allowed him to suffer! Ah, sir, my brother has acted cruelly, wickedly, but I entreat you to soften his crime in my father's eyes, lest extreme punishment should harden him in his fault."

"My dear girl," said the Englishman, "your brother does merit very severe chastisement; it was a cowardly cruel act, to compel a helpless boy to disobey his master and then to give him up to punishment."

"Yes," said Clara, and her tears fell fast; "but Arnold

is so tender-hearted, you will hurt him very much if Ernest is punished for his sake—he suffered last night as he never suffered before in his whole life, he endured pain and shame rather than accuse him; do justice to the innocent, but, O sir, if you can, without exasperating my father against the guilty."

"I will be as forbearing towards your brother as I can, for your sake," said Lord Langdale; "but let me see your father at once."

"I will take you to him sir," said Aimé; then he added, "O Clara, I wish Ernest were not your brother, or that he had not done this!"

She answered through her tears, "If you had been with him, instead of Roger Marat, he could not have been so wicked."

They went into the house, and after a very few words to the pastor, Lord Langdale accompanied him to the room where the boys were confined.

M. de St. Arnault entered alone, and Ernest, springing on his feet, addressed him with an energy of passion which quite stopped the reproaches ready to flow from his lips:

"Arnold is dying for want of help! I have called, I have shouted in vain; it is all my doing—and yours, too," he added fiercely, "he is innocent; I dragged him to that assembly and kept him there by force; I stole his best clothes and we dressed him in them spite of his tears and entreaties; but it was you who cruelly beat and starved him to death; he has tasted nothing since yesterday morning, and then he gave half his dinner to a beggar-woman."

M. de St. Arnault stood as one petrified for a few seconds, then he turned with bitter anxiety to where Arnold lay, motionless, indeed, but perfectly conscious of what was passing around him. As Ernest made his passionate con-

you cry, Arnold? I know now I had nothing to avenge against you, and I have fulfilled my vow, and told all, because Heaven has spared me the guilt of murder. Why do you cry?"

"Because, because," sobbed Arnold, "you should not speak so to your father; and because he says true, I did acquiesce in a lie and led him into wrong."

"You must have a very tender conscience," said Lord Langdale, "if that thought vexes you, when you were so sorely pressed."

"It seemed very dreadful," said Arnold, "that I should be intoxicated, that my mind should be taken from me so that I might do wrong without being able to help it; but I ought to have trusted that the Almighty would keep me, and not have promised to sin against Him. I did very wrong!"

Ernest caught his hand and looked fixedly at him, saying, "Have I really made you do wrong, Arnold? If I have I am sorry now. For a long time I tempted you in vain; but you are mistaken, he was not wrong, father?"

"He was wrong," answered the pastor; "but his wrong shows like white innocence compared to your guilt; how could you make yourself Satan's agent and tempt him so?"

"Something took possession of me," said Ernest, "when I was shut up alone that week. Ah, father! do not treat me so again; let me suffer any amount of hardship, keep me from food till life is almost spent, beat me every day if you will, but don't give me up to myself—I cannot bear it."

"Speak for him, please, sir," said Arnold, raising himself and laying an eager grasp on Lord Langdale's arm. "Ask his father to pardon him!"

"No one need speak for him but yourself, my dear child,"

said M. St. Arnault, who was moved by his son's appeal. "You have suffered so much, and so blamelessly, that I will do anything you wish; to make it up to you, Ernest shall be released from all punishment."

"You hear, Ernest," said Arnold, joyfully; "now you will forget that once I did not save you?"

"Forget, dear Arnold?" he cried, embracing him; "I will forget every thing rather than that you have been kinder to me than any one in the whole world, except Clara—and her I have repaid with my heart's best love—to you I never showed any kindness whatever, I always teased and vexed you except when I was playing the hypocrite! Father," he continued, "because you have done this I feel for you as I have never felt before—I will really try to please you, I will break off all companionship with the Marats."

The pastor shook his head, but the tears were in his eyes.

"Where is Clara—does she know?" whispered Arnold to Ernest.

"She never doubted your innocence," said Lord Langdale, smiling, as he overheard the whisper; "she was only anxious I should do you justice and get mercy for her brother; but she cried bitterly over his fault."

"I'll go to her and comfort her; she always is ten times more sorry for my faults than I am myself," said Ernest; "I shall confess everything to her and tell her how good you, Arnold, have been, and how well you kept your word when you would not take Lord Langdale's protection—and when you nearly fainted with pain, without uttering a word to save yourself."

"Not that, oh, not that!" cried Arnold; "not the pain, any one could bear such a beating, but I was so tired!"

"At any rate she shall thank you for me," said Ernest;

"and moreover I will ask her to mend the rents in your coat," then they will never show, or if they do you will not like your coat the less," so saying he gave Arnold a bright smile and left the room.

"You did well to pardon him," said the Englishman, "though it is hardly according to his deserts; however, you have tried severity without success, and you owed compensation to my young friend here, who bears his injuries so Christianly."

"Ernest won't get anything to eat unless you tell him, sir," said Arnold anxiously; "may I fetch him some soup, I think I can walk now."

"No, no!" said the pastor, "lie still, I will fetch it myself, and hasten the dinner-hour too, for breakfast was almost untouched. You will stay with us, my lord? we shall be honoured with your company."

Lord Langdale assented with pleasure, and Ernest returned, saying that Aimé and Clara both wanted to see Arnold.

"They shall see him at dinner-time," said M. St. Arnault; "I will tell them so, you stay with him." He left the room, and soon returned with a bason of soup and bread, which he gave to his son. Earnest received it with a look that repaid his father for much vexation, but he showed no eagerness to eat, and did not begin till Arnold urged him; then he declared "he hated to eat alone," and giving Arnold a second spoon insisted on his using it; they took a few spoonfuls alternately, both laughing and looking very happy.

"Do you think if we leave you here to rest for an hour, or so, you will be able to come down among us all at dinner-time?" said the pastor.

"Oh yes!" he cried eagerly. "If you will darken the room and let me be quite alone." He looked on them all and his deep grey eyes were filled with affection, as if he feared they might take his words unkindly; no one misunderstood him, and Ernest kissed him before he went.

Shortly before the dinner-hour Ernest went up to fetch Arnold, and to help him to arrange his dress; he was still oppressed by weakness and languor, and needed support from the strong arm of his late enemy, but his look was radiant with happiness. When he entered the room every eye was bent kindly upon him, Lord Langdale remarked that his first glance was at Clara, and that she answered it by coming to his side instantly, Aimé followed her, and the three talked together for a few moments while Ernest kept aloof. Arnold spoke eagerly and anxiously, and then made a sign for Ernest to join them; he hesitated a moment, then he came to them and said frankly, "Aimé is right in shunning me; do not vex yourself about this, Arnold; I forgot both honour and honesty in my persecution of you, he must have time before he can be friends with me as he was before."

Ernest had suffered very deeply; for a little time he had felt the stain of murder on his soul, the very expression of his face seemed altered. Aimé looked at him as he spoke so frankly—their eyes met, and then their hands were joined in a friendly grasp.

The pastor and his guest understood what was passing, though they heard little of the conversation, and immediately afterwards the dinner was served.

Lord Langdale took his leave with some reluctance, promising, in answer to the pastor's invitation, to return shortly and to bring Lady Langdale and his son. It would have been

difficult to say which of the three boys interested him most; Arnold by his gentle goodness, Ernest by his frank repentance and deep distress at the threatened result of his fault, or Aimé, in whom he discovered an accidental likeness to his own son.

Arnold retired early to rest, and as he passed over in his mind the events of the day he felt he had received full and overflowing payment for all he had suffered. The father and son seemed thoroughly reconciled, and there was a well-founded hope that Ernest had seen and repented his errors too sincerely to fall into them again; moreover, Clara's skilful fingers had repaired his damaged coat, and only a close examination could discover her minute stitches; he had watched her needle, as he lay in enforced idleness, and no embroidery ever gained higher commendation than her simple handiwork.

The day following Lord Langdale brought his wife and son to Rovère, and both were so pleased with the place and the young people of the pastor's family, that the Englishman took up his abode in the neighbourhood for several weeks, during which time Edward became a daily visitor at M. St. Arnault's house, sharing the employment and sometimes the lessons of the three boys there.

Lady Langdale's sympathy and affection were strongly excited for the orphan boy, and at her suggestion Lord Langdale proposed to take him to England for a few years, that he might pursue his studies with Edward. His proposition was gratefully rejected, at Arnold's instance, for the boy was already strongly bent upon adopting his guardian's profession, and believed he ought to grow up among the people who were to form his flock; besides, he had a very ardent love for France, and his heart shrank at the idea of

deserting his country for what seemed an interminable period. Nevertheless he gladly accepted a subsequent invitation, which included Ernest also, to pass three months with his English friend, during a temporary absence of M. St. Arnault.

The pastor was selected to fill some important mission at a distance from his home, and while Ernest and Arnold accompanied Lord Langdale to England, Aimé returned to his father's house, and Clara went to stay with a widowed aunt. A stranger occupied M. St. Arnault's place, and fulfilled his ministerial duties.

Ernest had honestly broken off all companionship with his two confederates in guilt; and up to the time of his leaving France, and during the whole of his visit to Lord Langdale, his conduct was sufficiently good to escape any serious blame. Towards Arnold he was steadily affectionate, so that he seemed to divide his friendship equally between his once hated comrade, and his adored sister.

Ernest was not of a studious turn, and though he soon spoke English with facility, he made little progress in other learning. Riding, fencing, and all that belongs to a soldier's training, engrossed his closest attention; for, notwithstanding the open disapprobation of his father, he was resolved to embrace a military career.

Under Lord Langdale's guardianship, Arnold enjoyed a far more animated existence than he had ever known, and his natural inclination and tastes were allowed full scope; he shared with eagerness the abundant means of instruction provided for Edward; he also applied himself to perfect his knowledge of the English language; and his nice ear, and flexible voice, joined to his early education, enabled him to catch the accent so accurately, that in after-life, when he settled in this

country, few could detect in his speech any trace of his foreign birth.

Lord Langdale provided horses for his guests, and often rode with them and his son, who was accounted one of the best young riders in his country.

The English lad had early acknowledged his younger French comrade as his equal in grace and dexterity in any feat of horsemanship; he now found with astonishment and admiration that Arnold possessed a strong influence over any horse, however vicious, and that he could gently bend the will of the most stubborn animal, and in very short space render him docile and serviceable towards himself. Moreover, on horseback and on foot, Arnold was as two different persons; and the contrast was more striking, when the horse he rode was a fiery-spirited animal, such as an ordinary rider would not venture to mount. Then he had no timidity—then his eloquence flowed freely, and he could face a crowd of strangers without shrinking.

After Lord and Lady Langdale, and their son, Arnold's greatest English friend was an eccentric, kind-hearted surgeon, named Graham, who lived near them, and who took a great fancy for their young French guest. He gave him sensible and judicious instruction in the healing art, and was so struck by his aptitude for the profession, that he complained bitterly of his pupil's resolution to embrace a minister's office, as of a wrong done to all humanity.

"Any one may be a parson," he said; "but with such hands and eyes as you have, such resolution and such tenderness, to refuse to be a surgeon, and so deprive poor suffering creatures of the help you might afford, is a mere throwing away of good gifts."

"You are very partial to me, my dear sir," answered

Arnold; "but I must be a parson, as you call it. To me, as I look on it, it is the highest and noblest of all professions. Yours seems to me the nearest to it. I am ambitious, and covet both; so I come to you and try to learn whatever you teach me."

"You need not come any more," said Mr. Graham, in an irritated tone; "follow your own inclination, be a parson, but don't expect me to help you to be a doctor too!"

Arnold looked very distressed; he endeavoured to appease his friend, but Mr. Graham left the room abruptly, and his pupil returned home with a heavy heart.

It was, however, soon lightened. Early the next morning he received a note from the doctor, asking him to pay his usual visit; and when he complied, he was received very kindly, and instructed with great attention: the only allusion Mr. Graham made to their difference being an observation on the folly of paying any regard to the fixed intention of a boy of fourteen, who would probably change his opinion when more years had brought an increase of sense and knowledge.

The records of Ernest's and Arnold's visit to England, and of the two years which followed their return, furnish few events worthy of notice. Towards the end of the second year, Aimé entered the army; and about the same time, Ernest's avowed intention to follow the like profession awakened such displeasure and harshness in the old pastor, that Arnold and Clara had considerable difficulty, even by the fullest mediation, to prevent a serious quarrel. Both father and son were equally resolute; so Ernest, who had made many friends and acquaintances of his own, without the limits of his native place, resolved to leave home and to follow his inclination when he was beyond restraint. He

kept his design a secret in his own heart; only the night before its execution he was unusually affectionate to his friend and his sister. He put Clara's hand in Arnold's, and called him brother. He told them they must always love him, whatever happened, as he would always love them; and laughingly turned off the inquiries which his words occasioned, by saying he had a presentiment that some great change was about to happen in his destiny.

Before sunrise the next morning he was far away from home, and no trace of him could be discovered. Anger and grief struggled for mastery in the old man's breast when he found his authority thus set at nought. For some time he never mentioned the name of his rebellious son, except at morning and evening prayer; nevertheless, when at long intervals Clara received a few lines to tell of his welfare, the father's heart was always lightened: and at last, when Ernest told of his recovery from severe wounds received in an engagement where he greatly distinguished himself, M. St. Arnault was induced to send a blessing and forgiveness to his disobedient child.

Aimé and his young betrothed were early called upon to fulfil their engagement, for M. de la Noue found his health declining, and grew anxious to witness his daughter's marriage before she had attained her eighteenth birthday. The wedding took place about a year after Aimé entered the army; and at the same time he received an appointment which kept him in France till the birth of a son rendered his presence less absolutely necessary to his wife's happiness. The child was named Henri de la Noue, and Marie's father, in his joy, declared that the boy should inherit the virtues of the two great kinsmen whose name and arms he bore. Marie smiled, and believed the prophecy; perhaps all the

more that her father did not long survive the event which crowned his dearest hopes.

Aimé shortly afterwards was called to join his regiment, and he committed his wife and child to the special care of his father and his brother John.

In the meantime Arnold stayed on at Rovère. The exceeding gentleness and charity of his character gradually worked a change in his stern guardian, whose rigid Calvinism and utter abhorrence of what he called worldly pleasures, assumed a mitigated form; he learnt, at last, that his fellow-creatures might differ from him in creed, without losing their hold on the true Catholic Church of Christ. To one opinion, nevertheless, he kept with the utmost tenacity, and that was to permit no engagement between his ward and his daughter till the former attained his majority, which, in France, was legally fixed at the age of twenty-five. No arguments or entreaties could move him, and Arnold, who loved Clara with an ever-increasing tenderness, looked forward to the moment when he should be his own master with exceeding and impatient eagerness. He hoped at the same period to become a regularly appointed minister, and then Clara should be his partner in every thought and in every plan he formed for the good of his flock. At first M. St. Arnault would have confined Arnold's studies to theology and the subjects specially required by a pastor, but the youth successfully resisted such narrow entertainment; he drank deeply of the literature of his own country, and of England. Works of imagination had great power over him. Shakespeare caught his fancy above all others; he entered into the beautiful world of his creation with such vivid feeling, that he actually seemed to live among his creatures; and he gained a great victory over his guardian's prejudices, when

he induced him to make acquaintance with this newly-discovered world, and to allow Clara to wander in it at will.

Arnold assisted M. St. Arnault in his duties long before he was regularly appointed pastor, but he was not so engaged by them as to prevent his visits to England. In 1682 he was called there by a sad calamity in Lord Langdale's family, no less than the mortal sickness of his son Edward.

The young man had married a lady of suitable rank, fair, and amiable; and if Lord Langdale experienced some disappointment on learning that his first grandchild was a daughter, he hoped none the less confidently, that future years would bring an heir to his title and estates.

His sanguine hopes were doomed to disappointment even at a time when he looked to their fulfilment. The same ungovernable temper which had drawn Edward into a quarrel at the village festival, now involved him in a serious duel; he was wounded in the lungs, and the wound, though not mortal at first, brought on a rapid consumption for which there was no cure.

It would be difficult to say whether the parents or the wife, whose life was bound up in that of her husband, suffered most deeply when the terrible truth became manifest, and they knew that the young man must die. Mr. Graham came to live at the castle, but no human skill could do more than prolong existence for perhaps a few weeks. Lord Langdale wrote and entreated Arnold to come to them, to bring them comfort in their trouble. He came to them at once, and did bring the comfort which is not of this world. Edward became resigned to die, and quit the existence which had been so happy to him, till his own fault brought desolation on his house. His mother and wife spoke of a resignation they could hardly feel, and the latter did

not long survive her husband. She died, leaving Lord Langdale without an heir. Lady Langdale, with failing health, clung to Arnold and to his words with an earnestness that made it impossible for him to refuse his friends' pressing request to stay with them a month or two longer. Before that time had past, Lord Langdale was left a widower with his little grandchild Editha, and Arnold stayed on till he was summoned to France by a letter from Clara, entreating him to return to her father, who stood in need of his assistance.

In order to understand the events which followed, it is necessary to give some account of the Edict of Nantes, its infringement and faithless revocation. The text-book from which the following facts are taken is, "Weiss's History of the French Protestant Refugees," a work which none of their descendants should leave unread.

Perhaps, if we look impartially on the history of the French Protestants, we must allow that at one period there was, especially among those of high rank, an alloy of insubordination and pugnacity mingled with their strong religious feelings. They were not always blameless in their relations to their sovereign; and they were ready enough to repay aggression with aggression, but long before the birth of Arnold, or even his father, the turbulent spirit had subsided, and they might be reckoned among the most faithful, industrious, and intelligent subjects of France.

After bitter strife, and cruel wars of differing creeds, after the treacherous massacre of countless thousands of French Protestants, one of their persecuted race mounted the throne, the fourth Henri of France. Very soon he deserted the creed of his youth, but he resolutely befriended those who steadfastly continued to hold it.

To the Huguenots he granted the Edict of Nantes, which secured to them the same civil and religious rights as their fellow-subjects the Roman Catholics: and, by his patient forbearance and his strong will, he established and enforced peace between the rival parties.

The Edict was declared irrevocable, and Louis XIII, as well as Louis XIV, solemnly confirmed it. Louis XIII. condemned all violence in religious matters, being persuaded by experience of the past, that such means had served but to augment the numbers of those who had quitted the church instead of turning them into the path that would have led them back to it. Shortly after this royal declaration, the application of the term "heretic" to the Protestants was forbidden, because, by the oath the French kings took at their coronation, they were bound to destroy heretics, and it was not fitting the Edict and their oath should be at variance. In May, 1652, the king solemnly confirmed the Edict, "inasmuch," he declared, "as the said subjects have given him certain proofs of their affection and fidelity."

Perhaps the true greatness of the Huguenots dates from the time when La Rochelle was taken, and Richelieu, in 1629, concluded with them the treaty of Alais, by which their rebellion was pardoned, on condition of their laying down their arms and swearing fidelity to the King. The free exercise of their religion and their religious organization was guaranteed; but their strong places were demolished and their political assemblies interdicted. Their insubordinate spirit, engendered if not justified by cruel persecution, after that time died out, and a spirit of order and industry, combined with strict honesty and morality, took its place. A strong religious faith animated them; the worldly and indifferent were filtered out from among them into the dominant church

which hemmed them in; for those who joined that church gained favour at court and worldly advancement. Some, doubtless, gave up the reformed faith honestly, because, in their semi-blindness, the lesser light was more congenial to them than the greater; others followed in the same track because many of the Protestants held that salvation extended to the members of the Romish Church, one celebrated minister, Jurieu, declaring that the contrary opinion was inhuman, cruel, and barbarous, an "opinion de bourreau," a hangman's opinion, while the Roman Catholics inflexibly maintained that eternal life belonged to no one who differed from them in creed; so the fearful, and those who wished to have the best of this world without giving up the next, might easily persuade themselves to adopt the prudent course of joining a church which, according to both parties, afforded salvation to its members. Most of the great families gradually quitted the reformed faith; but those of whatever rank who remained steadfast, formed one of the purest, most faithful, and industrious section of citizens who ever made a country prosperous or a king respected.

In an unhappy hour for France and for himself, Louis listened to evil counsellors, and inflicted on these innocent, industrious people a long course of cruel and unjust persecution. Perhaps no age of the church has been honoured with more glorious martyrs than the later days of this king's reign, when Christian men sealed their faith by lingering years of living death, by hopeless and grinding bondage at the galleys.

Contrary to his opinions expressed to his son in 1670, "That no violence should be used towards Protestants, although in kindness rather than in severity all royal favours should be refused them, that they might be induced to con-

In the earlier part of Louis' reign the attempt to quit France without the royal permission had been a crime punishable by death, but the penalty was at last mitigated, as some thought, or aggravated, as many of the Huguenots considered, to a lifetime's slavery at the galleys; and when emigration in France was counted by its thousands, then to help a Huguenot to escape from his country involved a similar sentence. In 1680 an edict made it criminal for the Huguenots to allow any Roman Catholic, or "new convert," to enter their churches; the penalty consisted in the destruction of the church, the banishment of the minister and the elders, and the confiscation of their property. Two years later a farther penalty was imposed on the minister: he was sentenced to "*l'amende honorable*," or to do penance; other edicts there were, separating the children from their parents, refusing burial to the lifeless remains of Protestants who after supposed conversion refused to receive the last sacraments according to the Romish church, visiting with imprisonment the meeting of two or three Protestants together in a private house to pray or read the Bible. But enough of this—those of my readers who wish to know the cruelty of the persecutors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the noble endurance of the confessors and martyrs, may consult Benoît's "History of the Edict of Nantes," Claude's "Complaints of the Protestants," the histories of Louis de Marolles, of Isaac Le Fèvre, and other books of the time.

When Arnold returned to France he found his guardian worn with anxiety and age, grieving deeply over the cruelty and oppression which harassed the Protestants, and hardly able to perform the necessary duties of his office. Arnold rendered him all the assistance that lay in his power, and

soon afterwards, on attaining his majority, he became a regularly appointed minister; M. de St. Arnault immediately resigned his office to his ward, and so Arnold became pastor at Rovère.

He entreated M. St. Arnault to complete his happiness without delay, and to bless his marriage with Clara; promising that he would never withdraw her from her filial duties but would rather share them with her.

"These are evil times, my son," said the old pastor, "not the times for marrying and giving in marriage; you are Christ's vowed soldier, and should be foremost to bear the storm of persecution which threatens our Church; to you your brethren will look for strength. A wife will but hinder you, children will be so many weights to pull you back from your duty; tender-hearted as you are, could you see them tortured before your eyes, insulted by rude soldiers, and not deny your faith to save them?"

Arnold shuddered, he covered his face with his hands, and the old man went on:

"I cannot bless your wedding now, and without my blessing Clara will not consent."

Arnold submitted with a very heavy heart, his true love's course seemed sadly ruffled, but he could see some justice in M. St. Arnault's decision. No formal betrothal took place, nevertheless the lovers regarded each other as affianced, and looked forward to their union when a more tolerant time should come. Arnold resolutely turned his attention to the duties of a Christian minister; his great eloquence, his large and loving heart, his blameless life, and active goodness gained him the affection and respect of all his flock. Indeed, the devotion paid him would have been a sore trial to so young a man, but for the stern dangers which

surrounded him. Still none of his people fell away into the dominant church, and for a time it seemed as if persecution had overlooked his district. M. St. Arnault's resolution at last showed signs of giving way; the union of two persons of such strong religious principles as Arnold and Clara might prove a source of strength rather than weakness. Arnold perceived the old man wavering, and pressed his suit with such ardour that his scruples gave way, and M. St. Arnault consented to bless the long-deferred marriage of the lovers.

Before the gloom closes over this history, there must be given one glimpse of happiness, and a character must be introduced who exercised very great influence over Arnold's after-fate. This was Pierre André, a surgeon of much eminence, considering his years, which at this time hardly reached five-and-thirty; he was a thoroughly kind-hearted, benevolent man, with a warm temper, easily roused by opposition to his will; he was generous, too, and frank, sometimes to imprudence; in religion he professed the Roman Catholic creed, yet he was suspected by his nearest friends to incline towards the reformed faith; he would declare in confidence he had a right to either form, seeing his parents respectively belonged to both churches. In reality he belonged to neither, for he carried a Greek Testament in his pocket as the sum of his creed, regarding the different forms of Christianity as so many different expressions of the same truth.

M. André came to stay with some Roman Catholic relations at Rovère shortly before the time fixed for Arnold and Clara's wedding, and twice he occupied the bench set apart for Roman Catholics in the Protestant church, and which they might legally occupy without any penalty to the minister or elders. Arnold's first sermon pleased him extremely—it

interested and even excited him; the eloquent words came from the heart of the speaker and carried the heart of the doctor along with them; voice, manner, and delivery were all such as the most fastidious taste could require, and to these was added a personal appearance singularly prepossessing, together with a modesty, an absence of all dogmatism, which charmed M. André all the more that the two latter were not the most prominent virtues of his own character. He desired to become acquainted with a man who had exercised such fascination over him; and when the congregation dispersed he cast about in his mind for some means of gratifying his inclination. He lingered about the church, but when Arnold came forth he was not alone; a venerable old man and a beautiful young woman accompanied him, and as they passed close to the doctor the exceeding happiness expressed on the countenances of the two young people struck him forcibly; their elder companion regarded them affectionately but somewhat sadly. All who met them greeted them with reverence and affection, it seemed as if the joy of the betrothed lovers was too great to be confined to themselves; in the warm sympathy they excited it was as if their happiness overflowed into the hearts of those who looked on them. M. André resolved to defer his attempt to form an acquaintance with the pastor to another opportunity, and he walked thoughtfully home.

The same evening alarming and distressing rumours came to Rovère which caused much disturbance to the old pastor, to Arnold, and all the Protestants of the place. It was said that the minister of a neighbouring district had been arrested on some frivolous pretence, and that in his absence a skilful *convertisseur*, named St. Merci, a renegade Huguenot, by bribes and threats had seduced many from the Reformed

faith. He made ostentatious boasts of his success, and hinted that the dragonnades which had devastated Poitou, a year or two before, would be renewed in those places which remained deaf to his solicitations; he also declared that heavy penalties would be laid on all ministers who spoke unfavourably of the Roman Catholic faith in their sermons, or who privately endeavoured to prevent the members of their congregation from fulfilling the king's wishes. It might be that report exaggerated the number of St. Merci's converts, but the truth was sad enough, and Arnold set his whole mind to fortify those of whom he had the care by exhortation and by preaching against the danger which threatened them; he usually had two week-day services, and of these he determined to take the best advantage. Considerable time and thought were spent on the discourses he composed, and his words were chosen with as much prudence as his honest purpose allowed.

The first day the church was very crowded, for numbers had come many miles, from the district deprived of its minister. Again M. André occupied the bench set apart for the Roman Catholics, and, till his attention was fully taken up by the preacher, he was rendered uncomfortable by the proximity of a man whose physiognomy was peculiarly revolting to him. "His father was a fox and his mother a hyæna!" thought the doctor to himself; "the unlucky rascal has got his villany stamped on his face!"

Never perhaps had Arnold displayed such eloquence as on this occasion; the sight of the vast multitude assembled, all ready to hang on his words, the importance and the daring of the subject he had chosen to bring before them, excited his powers to their highest pitch. He spoke with a fervour and brilliancy which made many hearts beat high

with noble and brave devotion; he told them of the early days of Christianity, when faith was so pure, and persecution kept the church free from hypocrites and evil-doers; of the first martyrs and the glory of their suffering—how they perished for obeying God rather than man, for resisting the commands of their lawful sovereign, when those commands enjoined a lie. Then he changed his subject, and reminded his hearers of the exceeding respect men owe to the ruler of their nation, how for him they should risk their lives, their property, and their earthly happiness, how his will should be obeyed in all matters, save those which conscience forbade, however vexatiously his laws pressed on the private inclinations of his subjects. He made an earnest appeal, so earnest that his voice lost its clear steadiness, to his fellow-religionists, that neither fear nor interest should draw them from their fathers' faith, the unmixed doctrines of the Scriptures. Forbidding them to halt between two opinions, he laid bare with a skilful and charitable hand, those articles of belief and observance of the Roman Catholic church with which a Protestant can have no sympathy, and concluded with an exhortation to endure all hardships rather than play the hypocrite and profess a lie in the sight of heaven and man.

M. André felt some apprehension for the daring minister, and once a low, suppressed hiss, as of a serpent, caused him to look full on his unpleasant neighbour.

St. Merci, for it was he, sat with his small dark eyes fixed on Arnold; his face was deadly pale, and his expression like that of a beast of prey when he meditates a stealthy spring on his victim. "Decidedly that man has a tiger in his pedigree," was the doctor's mental observation, as he again turned his attention to the sermon, with the interest men

feel in a gallant contest, where a single soldier defends his post against overwhelming odds.

When the service was ended, M. André learnt the name of the man whose appearance was so distasteful to him; and as St. Merci's character and mission were well known, a heavy feeling of anxiety for the young pastor weighed on the doctor's mind.

Again he lingered at the church door, and again Arnold came out with M. St. Arnault and his daughter; all three looked grave, and Arnold seemed exhausted, almost ill; yet he intended to take no rest from his labours. He was about to quit his companions, when Clara laid her hand on his arm, entreating him to spare himself if but for a short time; he thanked her with a bright smile, but would not be detained, saying, "This matter admits no delay."

She gazed anxiously after him as he disappeared behind some trees, and M. André at once proceeded in the same direction, following Arnold at a little distance, till they had outstripped the crowd, then a few rapid steps brought him to his side.

Arnold stopped, and bowed courteously, as it was evidently the stranger's wish to address him, and he recognised the doctor, as having twice attended at his church.

And no wonder that he recognised him, for Pierre André was not a man to be overlooked; he was tall of stature, and of a powerful and vigorous frame, with a countenance, if not handsome, at least eminently agreeable; his features were strongly marked, his mouth, especially, was large and well formed, expressing at once firmness and great benevolence, and when he laughed or smiled, he displayed a set of teeth rarely to be surpassed for strength, evenness, and whiteness.

He introduced himself with a slight apology, and warned Arnold of the danger which menaced him from the presence of St. Merci in his district and in his church.

"Your sermon does you honour," he said; "few men in your position would stand to their colours so bravely. Though I am no Huguenot, I admire your honesty, and I would do much to stave off the penalty you are likely to pay for indulging in so costly a virtue. If ever a man meant mischief St. Merci means it to you. If he can take you at advantage, like a serpent, he will envelop you in his slimy coils and press you to destruction."

"I trust not," said Arnold, gravely; "I weighed my words prudently, and said what I hold to be the truth with as little offence as possible; there has been great apostasy in the surrounding districts, and I should be utterly failing in my duty, if I neglected to warn and fortify those who look to me for guidance."

"Just so," said the doctor, musingly; "but the thing to consider is, what have you to oppose to this noxious animal? How can you defend yourself?"

"I have nothing to oppose but circumspection," answered Arnold. "If what I have said to-day is considered worthy of punishment I must take it patiently. I cannot recede from any particular."

"Ay, your Huguenot patience has passed into a proverb," said André, with a little dissatisfaction. "You will all carry it so far, the king will revoke your edict of Nantes, and say you are too dutiful to want it, when he has forbidden the creed it protects."

Arnold's colour rose, and he looked hurt.

"I beg your pardon with all my heart," cried the doctor; "I had no right to say this to you. Forgive me! but if all

Protestants would unite and stand honestly to their colours, instead of temporising and meeting the converters half way, the king dare not trample on their rights."

"I quite agree with you," said Arnold, sadly; "and what has happened lately in some of the surrounding districts, seems to justify your poor opinion of our constancy. Heaven grant us more strength! To be lukewarm now, to dress the truth in any courtly disguise, is to play a traitor's part. No, I must go on—perhaps speak out more plainly. If apostasy struck this place it would be far worse to bear than imprisonment, than death!"

"Am I in your way," said the doctor, abruptly; "may I walk with you to your destination?"

Arnold's look and smile were answer enough, and M. André took his arm with the air of an old acquaintance, and drew it through his own, saying,

"When I first addressed you, I hoped to persuade you to exclude all subjects relating to the established creed from your sermons, till St. Merci went elsewhere to gather in his harvest of converts; but I am now convinced my arguments would be thrown away, and after all, your boldness may be the best policy, he may be afraid to touch you—only see that he introduces none of his renegades into your congregations, or he will lay the blame of their presence upon you, and then the destruction of your church will be the consequence, and you will be lucky if you yourself get off with a heavy fine and suspension from your office. If St. Merci can find a judge shameless enough to order it, he will make you stand at a church door, half stripped, with a wax candle in your hand, according to his gracious majesty's precious edict!"

"I will do my best," said Arnold, "to escape such severe

penalties. There are officers especially appointed to stand at the doors of the church, to prevent the entrance of any suspected persons."

"And now will you let me give you a piece of professional advice," said M. André, changing his tone for one that was at once persuasive and caressing.

"Possibly I look as if I wanted it," answered Arnold. "There have been many causes for anxiety these last few days; I have had little time for rest."

"Pardon me," said the doctor, with a manner that could give no offence. "You are healthy, but not robust, and can't afford to play tricks with your constitution; if from stress of business, or from an idea of religion, you neglect to take proper food, you will pay dearly for it; it will be a kind of suicide."

"Experience has already taught me the truth of what you say," answered he; "just now I have a pressing matter to arrange with a friend. I shall get refreshment at his house and you must come in with me. After that we must separate, for I have many visits to make before I return home. You know it is unlawful for me to address two or three people together, unless in church, so I am obliged to go from house to house."

"That is unlawful, is it?" said M. André. "Louis will finish by making you all exiles or false converts, and that will be bitter wrong to France."

Arnold turned the conversation to other subjects, till they arrived at his friend's dwelling. Then he had some difficulty in persuading M. André to enter, till M. Dorignan, the master of the house, courteously seconded the invitation, and introduced the stranger to his wife, four sons, and a daughter, to whose charge he gave him, while he himself retired to a

private conference with Arnold. The two were not long absent; but in the mean time M. André had made friends of all his companions, and especially of the daughter, a young girl of thirteen, whose liveliness and uncommon intelligence attracted his attention. The whole party partook of a good meal, and then Arnold left the house with the doctor. They very soon separated, and took leave with regret, as M. André was to quit Rovère the following morning, with little expectation of revisiting the place for years. Nevertheless, as he kindly pressed Arnold's hand, he declared he felt a presentiment that their paths would soon cross again and perhaps run alongside.



## CHAPTER II.

ARNOLD'S watch at the doors of his church was not a needless precaution, for several persons were denied entrance at the next service, and St. Merci found himself in consequence disappointed in a treacherous scheme he had planned. He was again present at the sermon, and fretted over the cautious words by which Arnold warned his flock to remain steadfast, without any definite offence against the Roman Catholic faith. On Sunday, however, St. Merci's arts were successful, the congregation was overflowing, and two of the prohibited class managed to enter the church, and take their place in an obscure corner of the building. One was a man utterly abandoned, who had made a trade of changing from one creed to the other; and his companion bought impunity from some penalty he had incurred by aiding St. Merci in his cruel treachery.

The Roman Catholic bench was fully occupied, and among others present, there was a M. Monmort, confessor to a nobleman of the court, who resided near Versailles, but who had been drawn to Rovère by St. Merci's report of the eloquence of its pastor and the obstinacy of his flock.

He was an honest bigot, but relentless in his bigotry, and being much more learned than St. Merci, and better versed

in all that concerned his creed, he could draw inferences from Arnold's sermon which had failed to strike the more vulgar persecutor. Perhaps, too, the preacher in his zeal, or the bitterness of grief awakened by a long list, just sent in, of deserters from the reformed faith, spoke too plainly for his own safety the feelings which weighed down his heart. Be that as it may, M. Monmort afterwards told St. Merci that his hair stood on end at the preacher's blasphemous attack on the holy church, and his rebellious defiance of the king's authority. The cunning man declared his full sympathy with the horror expressed, and communicated the fact that two relapsed converts had been present during the seditious sermon, "doubtless," he added, "at the invitation of M. Delahaize." M. Monmort caught at this fresh instance of criminality, which might involve the church in ruin as well as the clergyman; he never questioned its truth, and he spoke also of punishing the two men, who had shown a disposition to return to their heresy. To them, however, St. Merci was willing to be lenient, and it was agreed they should escape with a reprimand only, if they consented to bear testimony against the pastor, who, on the strength of their words, might be punished according to the full rigour of the king's edict.

Monday was the day settled for Arnold's arrest; and Monday, too, was the day settled for his wedding. The day of opposing events rose brightly, and all were busy at M. St. Arnault's house. Most of the inhabitants of Rovère looked on the wedding of their loved pastor as a time of festival, and numbers collected at the church for hours before the bridal party arrived. St. Merci learnt the cause of the assembly, and weighed in his mind the expediency of carrying off the pastor in the face of his congregation,

or privately securing him before he left the house. On the one hand, he might strike a salutary terror into the multitude; on the other, he would avoid a popular tumult.

He consulted M. Monmort, who desired him to take a sufficient number of archers, and to arrest M. Delahaize in presence of the crowd as he entered the church. Some delay arose in St. Merci's arrangements, and he did not arrive at the church till after M. St. Arnault had performed the marriage ceremony, and the newly-wedded couple, with their friends, were entering the porch.

The moment Arnold saw his enemy with the archers, he knew his fate; and none of the spectators could remain in ignorance of his ill-fortune, as two of the officers advanced and laid hands on him immediately. There was a murmur of rage, a tumult, and bloodshed seemed likely to follow. Some of Arnold's parishioners threw their arms round him, and endeavoured to release him from the archers' grasp.

"Hear me!" he said, firmly. "Respect the king's officers. Let me go with them peaceably. I am conscious of no crime for which I can be severely punished, but you will make me and yourselves guilty if you offer illegal resistance."

His commanding voice made the people give up all idea of rescue, but low murmurs of sorrow and indignation testified their sympathy with the unfortunate bridegroom. At his earnest request the archers waited a few minutes and allowed him to take leave of his bride, who had hitherto been kept an unwilling prisoner in her father's arms.

In a low tone, and in the English tongue, he comforted her, and with a strongly expressed hope that his detention would last but a short time, that they would soon be restored to each other, they parted with some degree of for-

titude, but with a very heartbroken resignation. The archers carried off their prisoner, and Clara went home with her father, to weep, to pray, and to use every means that were possible to ensure her husband a fair hearing, and to furnish him with justification for any act of which he might be accused.

The archers behaved civilly, and on Arnold's promising not to escape they left him unfettered; he was conveyed on horseback to the capital of his province, and there straitly imprisoned, all communication with his friends being forbidden. Offers were immediately made of a free pardon for all offences, and a lucrative situation, if he would submit to the King's pleasure; and on his refusal to accept any compromise, he was put on his trial, subjected to a strict examination in court, and evidence taken as to his offensive preaching, and the admission of relapsed converts into his church.

He protested his ignorance of the presence of the prohibited persons during his sermon, and his innocence of any intentional offence against the king or the Roman Catholic church. Many witnesses appeared for the prosecution, some of whom swore falsely, and some exaggerated the truth; a heavy case was made out against him, and he was taken back to prison. Shortly afterwards he was brought before a higher court and re-examined. Here the judge ordered him to sit on the prisoner's stool, but some members of the court, struck by his youth and good mien, and the painful blushes and confusion he showed at the disgrace imposed upon him, spoke in his favour; he was excused from taking the infamous seat, and allowed to stand. The evidence taken at his first examination was read over before him; it had been got up with the utmost care, and nothing

he could say substantially invalidated it. There was enough of truth in it to endorse the falsehood, and he frankly confessed, in answer to some well-put questions, that he had used strenuous efforts to prevent obedience to the King's wishes, and had exhorted some new converts to repent of their compliance.

The result of his trial was a very severe sentence on himself, and an order for the destruction of the church which he had served. He was prohibited from any future exercise of his ministry, heavily fined, banished to a town a hundred miles distant from his home, and enjoined to perform penance.

Some members of the court were interested for him, and they could see that all his crime consisted in zeal for the creed in which he had been brought up; they would willingly have spared him the infamy of "l'amende honorable," or penance, but they made no open protestation against it.

Arnold appealed from his sentence, and he remained in the same strict imprisonment which he had previously suffered, till the result of his appeal was known. During the time he was continually assailed by efforts to undermine his integrity by persuasion, splendid promises and vague threats. It must be confessed that with all his patience and submission there were times when the hardship of his situation pressed heavily upon him, and he found it difficult to maintain a steady fortitude. His appeal at last brought no mitigation in his sentence; it was confirmed in all points, and nothing remained for him but to bear its execution with as much firmness as he could collect.

St. Merci visited him as soon as the result of his appeal became known, and with affected pity he artfully drew pictures of the two courses which lay before the prisoner. On

the one hand was domestic happiness with his wife, and an ample fortune, on the other was ruin, banishment, and degradation. Arnold was depressed and evidently very grieved at his punishment, but he never faltered in his honesty, and St. Merci left him completely baffled, telling him by way of revenge that he would be taken from prison immediately to perform penance in front of the principal church of the city, before a large number of people who had come in to market from the neighbouring villages.

The sentence of penance was one frequently passed upon the Protestant clergy, but the performance was seldom exacted of them, and Arnold hoped at the last he should be exempt from the painful exposure, as others had been whose sentence was like his own. His sensitive and refined nature revolted against the infamous pageant in which he was to be the forced actor, and it was with a species of dread that he saw his jailer enter his cell, and heard him, with expressions of regret, announce his errand. "The executioner was waiting without to conduct the gentleman to the church."

It was with real sorrow that the man performed his office, and, stripping Arnold of his coat and waistcoat, he put a large wax candle in his hand, and delivered him over barefooted and bareheaded to the public executioner, who, putting a halter round his neck, led him to the place appointed.

At first Arnold felt as if suffering a horrid nightmare, and when he saw a crowd of people following him with jests and laughter, and cutting observations on his forlorn condition, he could hardly maintain outward composure. His varying colour and the nervous agitation he could not repress bore witness to his suffering, and excited compassion

in some of the spectators, while it stimulated others to further insult.

After standing some time, the executioner desired him to fall on his knees, and in that position to read aloud the avowal of his crimes and the expression of his penitence in the words required by his sentence.

Arnold answered that he was ready to express sorrow at having offended the king, or any of his fellow-creatures, but that he could not confess crimes of which he was guiltless, or profess any penitence for them.

The executioner insisted on the repetition of the exact terms prescribed, and told Arnold his penance would be prolonged till he obeyed the order.

Arnold made no reply, and gradually his painful feelings of shame gave way to a far nobler sentiment. He called to mind the sacred cause for which he suffered, and then he knew that blessing, not degradation, attended his punishment. His countenance changed; he stood with a patient courage, a dignified endurance, which actually awed most of his tormentors into silence. For a time he enjoyed unmolested quiet, and on looking round to ascertain the cause, all his painful feelings were renewed, as he perceived a man busily engaged in sketching his likeness. A group of people were gathered round, watching the progress of the drawing, and as Arnold started, colouring violently, and involuntarily covering his face with one hand while the candle nearly escaped from the grasp of the other, there was a universal cry to the executioner to keep the prisoner still, and to force him to return to the position he had quitted.

The man desired Arnold to comply with the people's wish, remarking that it must be more agreeable to have only one gentleman's eyes fixed upon him, than to have

dozens of the lowest class hooting and laughing in his face.

Whatever Arnold thought of the matter he judged it wisest to submit in a matter which concerned his private feelings alone and involved no breach of principle; so, with some embarrassment, he resumed the attitude required, and in a short time recovered his tranquillity. The artist was not, as might be supposed, a man destitute of feeling, but his mind was entirely taken up with a desire to transfer to canvas a representation of the scene before him, and his desire overbore all compassion or consideration for his distressed model. He was engaged in painting a "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" for one of the churches in Marseilles, and had vainly sought some person to represent the martyr, whose appearance might help his imagination to create a countenance of sufficient beauty with suitable expression. He walked the streets with his sketch-book but could never meet with his object, till, in passing near the church to observe the crowd assembled there, his eye fell on the Protestant minister, there he saw a living man surpassing in his person and his expression anything his genius had conceived. His halting picture would turn out a masterpiece if he could represent faithfully that countenance, with its look of mingled resignation and pain, and he eagerly commenced his sketch.

The artist was a resident in the town, and his fame well spread abroad among his townspeople; some of the crowd, too, had done duty for him as models, so when he raised his hand for silence and arranged his drawing-materials, there was a general hush; those who were near looked over his shoulders, the rest stood round motionless, for the place was proud of its painter.

He continued without intermission for some time, till at

last utter weariness clouded over all other expression in Arnold's features, and he involuntarily sought relief in a change of posture. Immediately there was an angry cry from the people assembled, and some of them threatened him with fresh insults if he did not at once resume his position. Their hard words, and the dignified yet distressed manner in which he complied with their commands, awakened the artist to the idea that he was not copying a stock or a stone, but a man with human feelings, suffering acutely under the unhappy circumstance in which he was placed; compunction touched him, and he exclaimed:—

"Don't give him hard words; none of you ever stood so patiently for me as he has done. I was unfeeling to keep him so long. Let him rest in peace!"

He then called on the executioner to stand still and let his face be taken. The man complied, grinning with satisfaction, while Arnold felt a sense of relief; and, after about ten minutes spent on this second study, the artist rose and approached the spot where Arnold stood. Addressing him with respect, he said—

"I am afraid I caused you as much annoyance as I spared you. Forgive me. But the temptation of drawing from such a figure as yours was irresistible—at any rate, you shall see what I have done, and judge if I intended you any insult."

He held up his sketch as he spoke, and Arnold, struck with admiration at its masterly execution exclaimed—

"Insult! Why, no partial friend could flatter more."

"Ay," said the other with complacency, "I never liked anything I ever drew so well—but there is no flattery."

Then, turning to the executioner, he continued—"And now are you not going to finish this exhibition? The peo-

ple have had their amusement from it, and I am sure they wish such patient endurance should be rewarded."

Many voices were raised requiring Arnold's release, but the executioner declared in an injured tone it was the prisoner's own fault if he remained any longer in penitence, as he would be at once taken back to prison when he had repeated on his knees the confession and apology required by his sentence.

"What has he to say?" inquired the painter; and, as he glanced at the paper, he muttered, "Very unpleasant words, but they won't scald my mouth. I'll be his proxy."

Then with a dexterous effort he gently forced Arnold to kneel down, and laid one hand on his shoulder to prevent him from rising, while with a loud voice he himself read the appointed confession, and added an extemporaneous and eloquent expression of loyalty and devotion to the king and the creed he professed. A vehement shout from the multitude rewarded his ingenuity; Arnold was led from the place without further delay, and also without molestation from any of his former tormentors.

Arnold had been told that he would not be permitted to return home before proceeding to his place of banishment; still he knew that some time was usually allowed to ministers for the settlement of their affairs, when they were sent like himself to a distance from their residence, and he ventured to request the indulgence from those who had the power to grant it.

The jailer treated him with respectful kindness on his return, and paid especial attention to his refreshment and comfort, but he disappointed all the hopes he cherished of a short sojourn at Rovère, by informing him that he was to set out for Forête, under an escort of archers, the following morning.

Left to himself, and deeply grieved over this hard decree, Arnold endeavoured to bring his tumultuous thoughts into some order; part of his sentence, and a part he had regarded with extreme repugnance, was over, but it had left him degraded in the eyes of many of his countrymen. Would Clara think so? The idea only crossed his mind to be rejected. What would his noble friend Aimé—what would Ernest think? Would his flock respect their pastor now as they had done before his disgrace? At last, with a strong effort, he put aside all earthly considerations except Clara, and in the thought that she actually belonged to him, that she would surely come with her father to share his banishment, his aching heart gradually found ease, content —ay, full happiness.

His dream of bliss lasted till the jailor entered his cell bringing with him a visitor, whom he at once recognized as the artist, and who came towards him with some hesitation and shamefacedness.

Arnold read his feelings at a glance, and held out his hand with frank kindness.

The painter took it with respect, saying, "I am come to entreat your pardon for my unfeeling conduct towards you, and for the violence I used in forcing you on your knees."

"Nay, it was gentle and kind violence," said Arnold, colouring, and faintly smiling; "but for you, I might still have stood shivering there, for I could not utter those false words."

"I am too glad that I served you in any way!" exclaimed the artist; "for my conscience pinches me severely when I think how much I added to your unmerited suffering to-day. I only find consolation when I look at my work. Can you truly feel in charity towards me?"

"Yes, with all my heart," he said. "You made me suffer, it is true, but you kept others in check who would have made me suffer much more."

"You will hardly believe me," the artist resumed; "but I never thought how you would be affected when I constituted you my model. For weeks I have been labouring at the principal figure in a picture by which I thought to extend my fame. I failed, and almost despaired, till I saw in you my ideal, equalled if not surpassed. Then one desire possessed me, and I carried it out, or nearly so."

There was a pause, then he added hurriedly—"I know not in what words to frame my request, or how I can escape the charge of impertinence, or, at least, importunity, in your eyes; but will you with extreme good-nature stand again for me a very short time?"

Arnold's brow overcast a moment. He longed to be alone, and he shrank a little nervously from the task imposed on him. Nevertheless, the frank eagerness in his petitioner's face overcame his reluctance. He was a born artist himself, and the sketch he had seen assured him that his new friend was one also. He rose to take his position, and the undisguised satisfaction manifested by his companion at his almost unhoped-for compliance, brightened his eyes and curled his lip with amusement.

"You smile at me," said the artist; "and it does my heart good to see you smile. Forget this morning's work; it will be a nine days' wonder, then it will pass from people's minds. No stain rests on you; it rests on those who made such mummery; but for the picture it has helped me to paint—oh! men will look on it and admire it when we are both returned to dust."

He was silent, and used his brushes diligently, without,

however, showing much conscience as to the time he exercised the patience of his model; but when at last he laid aside his board, he expressed very warm gratitude, and an earnest desire to make some return for the extreme good-nature he had so sorely proved.

"I owe you more thanks than you can imagine," he said. "I have put you to pain and to trouble for my gratification—what can I do for you in return? I know that St. Merci—ah! his face sets my whole mind on edge! I'd rather have my ears deafened with all discordant sounds than fret my eyes with his transgressing features. I know that he is your chief persecutor; that he will vex and annoy you when vexation and annoyance are possible. If I can serve you and thwart him it will be a double satisfaction!"

Arnold looked eagerly at the speaker, saying with a little hesitation, "I have been allowed no communication with my friends, I may not visit my home, my—my wife, before I go to banishment. Will it be troubling you too much—"

"To go and see them?" interrupted the artist—"to tell them you are well—that you have borne all this like a man? I'll start for Rovère in two days' time, ay, one day will be enough for me to paint in your figure; in one day I will start and seek for Madame Delahaize."

A pang of mingled pain and pleasure passed through Arnold's heart at a name so familiar in his early days, but now so strange and so dearly loved.

"Ask for my father-in-law, M. St. Arnault," he said. "She is with him."

The artist took down the name, and then with great delicacy offered Arnold the use of his purse, on the supposition

that his imprisonment and isolation from his family had reduced him to a penniless condition.

Arnold, however, had lately received a considerable sum of money from some anonymous friend, so he declined the offered assistance with expressions of gratitude; and shortly afterwards the artist took his leave.

That night Arnold enjoyed unbroken rest, and the following morning he was released from prison, and set out on horseback, in company with six archers, for Forête, the place of his banishment.

They had proceeded but a very little distance, when they were met by the Marquis de Matignon, a Roman Catholic nobleman of illustrious birth, whose family, from the time of the Great Massacre up to the Revocation of the Edict, had ever been the protectors of the innocent, the refuge of the oppressed, and the enemies of fraud and violence. "In that family," says the historian of the Edict of Nantes, "integrity and justice were hereditary."

De Matignon courteously requested the archers to allow him a few moments' private conversation with their prisoner, and when, with all tokens of respect, they fell back a few yards, he expressed to Arnold his warm indignation at the unworthy treatment to which he had been subjected, told him that all good Catholics who knew his virtue and charity, regarded the persecution he had suffered with detestation; and declared that he himself had been grossly deceived; he had been led to believe that the sentence of penance was a mere threat which would never be carried out. "If I had known," he said, with energy, "if I had known you were to suffer, I would have been present, I would have restrained the people, they should have offered you no insult. When

you reach Forête there will be no prohibition of letters between you and your family, as there has been hitherto, and they will probably soon join you. I, too, will do what I can to forward their wishes." He then recommended the archers to treat his friend, for so he called Arnold, with every civility, and departed. Years afterwards Arnold learnt that he was the anonymous benefactor who had sent him the money in prison.

The artist spent many hours on his picture, till he had painted the saint's head almost to his full satisfaction, then, faithful to his promise, he went to Rovère and found the old pastor's house without any difficulty. M. St. Arnault was suffering from the infirmities of age, aggravated by anxiety and trouble. Both he and Clara were very sorrowful; not only were they separated from their dearest connection, but the church in which they had worshipped so many years, was doomed to destruction, and its demolition expected immediately. Nevertheless they received the artist with kind hospitality, and listened to his narrative with breathless attention and intense interest. Clara thanked him warmly for the service he had rendered her husband, but he answered, "Nay, I have more reason to be grateful to him, if the truth were known, and I would willingly do him any pleasure. For instance, if you will sit to me I will paint your picture, and send it to him without delay."

As he spoke, he took a small sketch-book from his pocket, and exhibited some of his designs; one page was filled by two or three studies of Arnold's head, all were characteristic, and one was an exceedingly good likeness.

Clara desired so eagerly to possess this page, that contrary to his usual custom, the artist cut it from his book, and gave

it to her, saying, "Judge from your present feelings what his pleasure would be, in receiving such a miniature of you as I could paint."

Clara looked at her father, who warmly seconded the painter's proposal, and she at once consented to sit.

The artist lost no time in beginning his work; he first made a life-sized study, which he intended to keep for himself, and then began a small miniature, such as might be worn.

He took up his abode for the night in what had been Arnold's room, and the next morning enquired who was the author of the wood-carvings which ornamented it.

"They were done some years ago by my son-in-law," answered M. St. Arnault.

"Ha! that explains an often-repeated likeness among the female faces," said the artist; "I little thought I was befriending such a worthy brother of my craft."

Here Clara produced a miniature which might have passed for a likeness of Arnold in his earliest youth, saying,

"It is singular that what you have painted for me, is the same size, and might almost pass for a pair to this."

The artist gazed at it admiringly, and exclaimed—

"Nay, if M. Delahaize can paint like that from himself, he is my master; but if it were not undeniably his likeness, I could have sworn this miniature was two hundred years old at least."

"And so it is," said Clara. "We call this Arnold's likeness, but it was really taken from one of his ancestors, in Italy, more than two hundred years ago."

"It is a singular resemblance, even to small peculiarities," said the artist. "I will make your likeness as nearly to match this as I can, and I am at your service whenever you will favour me with a sitting."

Clara was a good sitter, and the artist knew how by his conversation to awaken the expression he wished to represent. The miniature was nearly finished in its most important parts before the evening, and this was a fortunate circumstance, for the destruction of the church commenced the following day, and both father and daughter were so painfully affected, that the artist saw his continued presence was ill-timed. He therefore took his leave, expressing much sympathy, and promising to send the miniature to Arnold by a safe hand, in the course of a few days.

He fulfilled his promise, and Arnold received the present with as much joy and gratitude as the painter anticipated.



## CHAPTER III.

THE church was destroyed at Rovère, and the zealous young pastor banished, but the work of conversion among his flock made no progress. The dragoons were employed on service abroad, and were not then at liberty to recommence their wicked missions; all, therefore, that St. Merci could do was to inflict imprisonment on those Huguenots whose conduct could by any means be interpreted as an infringement of the king's edict.

M. St. Arnault fell very ill, so that Clara's whole time was taken up in attending to him, and it was impossible for them to leave Rovère till his health improved. Arnold, therefore, remained solitary in his banishment; he was prohibited not only from exercising his pastoral office, but also confined within the limits of ten miles round the town. Serious thoughts of retiring to England rose in his mind, but they were rejected, from some scruples with regard to disobeying the king's edict against emigration, and from a repugnance to desert his brethren in the storm which threatened them. When Clara wrote to tell him of her father's illness, she enclosed him letters from Ernest and Lord Langdale. The former had heard of the marriage of his sister and the

misfortune which followed it; and with many expressions of kindness and sympathy, he promised shortly to visit Forête to consult with his brother on the best means of uniting their separated family. His letter was undated and without signature.

Lord Langdale strongly pressed his young friend to come over to England, promising to regard him and Clara as a son and daughter, and to provide M. St. Arnault a comfortable asylum with them. He observed there was a wide field for usefulness in England, while Arnold's sentence rendered him comparatively useless in France; and concluded his letter with every argument that could be advanced to induce him to quit his country.

Perhaps Arnold might have yielded to these solicitations, for Forête was within ten miles of the sea coast. By careful management he might easily embark for England, and then make arrangements for Clara to follow; but just at this time a fresh calamity visited his unfortunate brethren, and he felt that he could not desert them. The truce of Ratisbon released a number of French regiments from foreign service, and their leisure was very soon employed in the horrible employment of dragooning the Huguenots into conversion. The atrocities exercised in Poitou in 1681 recommenced with increased violence in 1684, and became very general wherever there were large numbers of resident Huguenots. Whole families were scattered to avoid the brutality of the soldiers. Many were hunted down and dragged to prison, or tortured into perjury; deeds were done which should be buried in oblivion, did they not furnish an excuse or a reason for the vast number of false abjurations among the Protestants. The threat of the dragonnade became at last so terrible, that in many towns, the whole Huguenot popu-

lation gave in their names as converts, to escape the scourge, and while we lament their weakness, we should consider the evil they shunned was worse than the stake. A man may go bravely to his own fiery death, who yet cannot look on the cruel torments of his family, when he is fettered and powerless to defend them.

So Louis read a numerous list of converts, and flatterers told him that heresy was dying out in France; he knew not that his lists were made up of men who would return to their faith with bitter tears of penitence, of men who were hypocrites and deadly haters of the creed he cherished, of men, weak and unstable, whose profession brought no strength or credit to the church they joined. To him they seemed as wanderers reclaimed; he lent his ear to blind and evil counsellors, and one year later, in October, 1685, spite of some conscientious scruples, he broke his oath and revoked the Edict his ancestor had granted. "Why," it was argued, "should there be an edict in favour of the Huguenots, when there will soon be no Huguenots in France?"

The town of Forête was not visited by the soldiers, as there were very few Protestants among the inhabitants; but some fugitives took refuge there, destitute and penniless, to implore hospitality from those of the residents who were related to them. In many cases, the fear of incurring a heavy fine, hardened the hearts of the people of Forête; they dreaded to become the accomplices of men anxious to break the king's edict and quit their country, so they either flatly refused any assistance, or gave their alms in secret and in trembling.

Some few were willing to run all risks, and those of the Reformed faith, confident that the storm would soon reach

themselves, resolved to accompany the fugitives in their escape.

Arnold was one of the most generous in his charity. Notwithstanding the expenses of his trial and the fine laid upon him, he had received since his banishment a sufficient sum from his income to enable him to live in comfort for many weeks; but the utter destitution in which the poor Huguenots arrived at Forête, induced him to part with nearly all his ready money to minister to their necessities; and as he was aware that his father-in-law could ill afford to send him a fresh supply, he actually made an engagement with a tradesman to work at ornamental wood-carving, to furnish means for his own subsistence and for the exercise of his benevolence. Besides alms, he gave kind words of consolation, and listened with a sympathy that often kindled to burning indignation, to piteous tales of cruelty and oppression. If he had scruples about his own escape, he had none with regard to the flight of the persecuted fugitives. So he became the confidant of their plans and forwarded them according to his ability.

In general he was careful not to speak to more than one person or one family at a time, lest he should be arrested for holding an illegal assembly. He was also very cautious in his visits to those houses where the strangers had found a lodging.

At last a fisherman's sailing boat, capable of holding fifteen persons, was hired, and trusty men were found to manage her. The price required was high, for the risk was considerable, and Arnold, trusting to his handiwork to earn enough for future support, stripped himself of nearly every article he possessed, to make up the full sum required by the fisherman and his attendants.

The day and hour of embarkation was fixed, and so many Huguenots desired to use this opportunity for escape, that Arnold yielded to the solicitation of a few of the wisest among them, and promised to meet them on the sea-shore, to prevent by his influence such overcrowding of the vessel as might cause the destruction of the whole party.

Hitherto Arnold had studiously avoided any conduct likely to draw observation on himself. He lodged with a Roman Catholic family, and never absented himself from the house at any unseasonable hour. Now, however, he thought his duty called on him to infringe this rule, and he told his landlady some business would take him from home and occupy him till a late hour in the evening. She looked anxiously after him as he set off on his expedition; perhaps she guessed his errand, but she said nothing.

There were paths to be avoided and people to be shunned, and an unavoidable delay made Arnold somewhat late for his appointment. When he arrived, a small rowing-boat was occupied by four or five Huguenots, men and women, impatiently waiting to be conveyed to the fishing-vessel. Arnold ascertained that they at least were its legitimate freight, and it remained to be seen who were unwarrantable intruders among the group assembled on the beach.

In the excitement of the risk and the darkness of the night, this proved a difficult task, and after some discussion it was agreed to avoid the separation of families; so the proper number to embark was made up of women and children with their husbands and fathers; and those who had fled from the dragonnade alone, agreed to give up any right they had to a passage in the hired vessel, and to defer their escape to another opportunity. Three times the

rowing-boat started from the shore, and Arnold with the other Huguenots lingered till its return.

When within a few yards of the beach, the boatman exclaimed that a child was missing, and that its mother was in an agony of grief. She had given it into a friend's keeping while she took charge of her baby, and the careless fellow had put it down while waiting for his turn to embark, and had actually forgotten to bring it with him.

Arnold inquired the child's name, and gently called it.

The little creature, a girl about four years old, had fallen fast asleep, but she was roused at the sound of his voice, and came to him, wailing for her mother.

The boatman, anxious to conclude his engagement as speedily as possible, caught up the child in his arms. The girl immediately changed her low wail for sharp cries of fear, and Arnold good-naturedly taking her from the dismayed seaman, quieted her in a few seconds; she put her arms round his neck, clung to him, and refused to quit her hold. So he stepped into the boat, resolved to deliver her himself to her mother's care.

He heard rather than saw the joy of the meeting, and at the same moment there was an alarm from the beach that the archers were coming.

The Huguenots in the vessel earnestly entreated Arnold to join them and to trust to the calmness of the night for their common safety. He refused, alleging that one additional person on board might bring destruction on the whole party; so the vessel set sail, and he rowed with the boatman some distance out to sea. The man was much alarmed at the idea of arrest, which might be followed by severe punishment, and he lingered for an hour or two before he would return to the shore.

Arnold set out for Forête as soon as he landed, and reached his lodgings without any farther adventure. The other Huguenots were less fortunate. They were taken up by the coast-guard, and terrified into a confession of their intention to leave the kingdom. One of their number was a man who made religion the mere pretence for flight, when in reality he sought a refuge from debts fraudulently incurred; and he was easily induced to give evidence against all engaged, directly or indirectly, in the late breach of the king's edict.

Perhaps without any design, from misapprehension alone, this man included Arnold among those whose intended flight was prevented by the small size of the hired vessel; and his evidence was strengthened when the boatman was brought in under arrest and examined. He, too, declared that the pastor would have accompanied his co-religionists but from the fear of overcrowding the boat, and he gave Arnold's own words in proof of his assertion.

Armed with this information, an officer with some soldiers set out for Forête, and reached Arnold's lodgings some time after daybreak. He was busily employed with his tools when they entered, and he heard their errand and prepared to follow them with outward calm but inward apprehension. They instituted a strict search throughout his rooms; and his destitution, in all kinds of property, was regarded as an additional proof of his guilt. A few books and papers, a single change of clothes, some trifling matters necessary for present use, were all that rewarded their trouble. He was finally subjected to a strict but respectful personal examination, and the officer took possession of Lord Langdale's and Ernest's letters, some other writings, a volume of

Shakespeare, and a small sum of money not exceeding a few English shillings.

"Is that what you got for disposing of all your effects?" said the officer; "or have you some hidden store?"

"I have no more ready money by me," answered Arnold. "I have been deprived of my profession, and heavily fined. Lately, too, I have incurred other expenses; and when you entered I was actually working for my subsistence till I receive a fresh remittance from my friends."

"Well, that is a pity," observed the officer, compassionately. "I am very sorry for you, but you will live at the king's cost for some time to come, if not for the term of your natural life."

As he spoke he examined curiously the miniature which Arnold wore. It was set in steel, so as to possess no intrinsic value, and, to his great satisfaction, he was allowed to retain it. The officer himself had a wife, and paid regard to the feeling the prisoner manifested when he expected to be deprived of his treasure.

Arnold's host and hostess were sharply questioned, but they professed ignorance of any unlawful proceedings on the part of their lodger; he was very charitable, and had bestowed money at first on several people in distress, and afterwards he had given away his own clothes to supply their pressing need; he had never been absent from home in the evening except on the previous night, when he had stayed out till an unusually late hour.

There was a short debate among the soldiers on the expediency of arresting the master of the house as well as his lodger, but as he was a well known and respectable Roman Catholic, they let him off after a strict examination; moreover Arnold earnestly interposed in his favour.

"I will not deny," he said, "that I was present at the embarkation of some of my friends last night, but my host and hostess had no participation in the act, and I myself had no intention of quitting France."

"We have two witnesses who contradict you," said the officer; "but the truth will come out on your trial; at any rate, you will have to pay at least 3000 livres as a penalty for meddling with the flight of other Huguenots."

As he spoke, he gave the sign for departure to the soldiers, and they all left the house with their prisoner.

Let what followed be hastily passed over. Why again record in detail Arnold's captivity, trial—this time with the degradation of the prisoner's stool—condemnation, and fruitless appeal from a terrible sentence? Enough that circumstantial evidence weighed heavily against him; Lord Langdale's letter and some observations in the prisoner's own handwriting when he really entertained the idea of retiring to England, which he had neglected to destroy, convinced many persons of his imputed guilt. Neither were witnesses failing, who testified to words and deeds which seemed incompatible with his protestation of innocence. The judge and most of the members of the court, without intentional dishonesty, were strongly biased against him; and he was at last pronounced guilty of endeavouring to go out of the kingdom in contravention of the royal edict, and sentenced to serve the king for ever as a slave on board the galleys, and to forfeit his personal goods and chattels to the crown.

He appealed to the parliament of ——, but after a suspense of two months spent in a prison, where no friend was allowed to enter, and where felons were often thrust into his cell, he received a confirmation of his sentence in all its merciless severity. For a short time, nevertheless, hope

whispered that such crying injustice would not really be inflicted on an innocent gentleman who could count kindred with the old nobility of France; that imprisonment or exile would tacitly supersede the punishment of a life-time's slavery. Indeed, very strenuous efforts were made to obtain a commutation of his sentence, not only by his personal friends, but by various members of the court which condemned him. Lord Langdale, too, roused himself from the gloom and inactivity which settled grief had produced on his sad existence, and exerted all the influence he could command to obtain some favour for the man he loved almost as a son.

But Louis proved inflexible. One of his confessors, influenced by St. Merci, closed the royal ears to any prayer for indulgence towards a man whose enmity to the true church had proved so mischievous, and who clung to his heresy so tenaciously. No sense of cruelty, probably, rested even for a moment on the king's darkened conscience, for did he not mercifully offer free pardon and a pension to the unhappy convict if he would renounce his errors?

Further still, did he not offer to suspend all punishment for six months, ay, a whole year, if the prisoner would consent to live in comfort and receive instruction in the Catholic faith from the Bishop of Meaux?

Was it the king's fault if his disobedient subject pushed away the gracious hand, extended with such royal benevolence, and madly embraced the horrible fate which awaited his obstinacy?

Very shortly after Arnold's condemnation he was visited by the governor of his prison, who with expressions of concern ordered a heavy chain to be put about his neck. The officer excused his inhumanity by pleading the king's com-

mands, saying he had direct orders from court, and dared not disobey. Arnold thanked him for his kindness, and declared his own readiness to pay respectful obedience to the king's orders, when they did not interfere with his conscience.

A day or two passed in dull monotony; and Arnold hourly expected to be taken from his solitary cell, and put among the criminals, who, like himself, were waiting the arrival of the chain of galley slaves, when they too should be joined on as living links, and pursue their weary, painful way to Marseilles. Memory brought vividly before him one of these human chains, which he had encountered in his boyish days, when on a visit with his mother at a friend's house. Full one hundred unhappy men were bound together two and two, some of whom perhaps were innocent, or too hardly punished. It was in the heat of summer, and most of the poor creatures held out small wooden cups to the people who flocked to gaze on the unnatural spectacle, and begged for a draught of water. The hard-hearted multitude were deaf to the prayer, and some mockingly told the supplicants they would soon be where they would get water enough. Arnold, with fast-falling tears, ran up to the officer who had charge of the chain, entreating him to stop a little while till he could fetch a pitcher of water from home and fill the wooden cups. Suprised and touched, the officer halted his train, and allowed them to rest for half an hour under the shade of some trees which stood near; then, because goodness provokes goodness, some of the flinty hearts of the people melted to charity, and Arnold was not left solitary in his kind deed.

All this scene memory brought back to his mind, and he sadly thought how soon he also should be led through

the country, chained with the most degraded of his species, a piteous spectacle of suffering and misery. For a short time he was very depressed, and the question forced itself upon him with importunity, "Would the passers-by refuse him a cup of water, if he asked for it in his need?" Soon, however, higher and more worthy thoughts swelled his heart, and with a true martyr's submission, he felt a martyr's hope and glory.

St. Merci did not leave him unmolested in his solitude. After an absence of several days, he visited the prison, and told him if he persisted in refusing obedience to the king, he would be immediately consigned to a very severe imprisonment in the Château Trompette, at Bordeaux, where he would remain till he was dispatched to Marseilles; if, on the other hand, he consented to receive instruction, not six months, not a year only, but an unlimited time, would be allowed him for consideration. St. Merci added, that he would be taken to Rovère before proceeding to Bordeaux, and allowed an interview with his wife in the presence of witnesses, as it was hoped she would use her efforts to persuade him to secure her happiness and his own, by accepting the king's mercy. Arnold was so much moved by this latter communication, his countenance showed such exceeding joy, that St. Merci triumphed in secret, believing that at last he had not tempted in vain, and thinking to add force to his previous declaration, he told how a sister of M. St. Arnault had renounced her errors, and was residing at his house, with good hopes of inducing her niece to follow her edifying example.

Arnold's short-lived joy passed away; not that he believed the calumny on Clara's faith, but he feared lest persecution should strike her as it had struck himself.

The morning after his interview with St. Merci, Arnold set out for Rovère with an escort of twelve archers, and on arriving at the dwelling where he had spent so many happy years, ten of the guard surrounded the house, while two followed him closely as he entered the well known door.

M. St. Arnault met him with unnatural calmness, and embracing him, bade him be of good courage; then he told of Clara's serious illness and slow recovery, and how she was anxiously awaiting him in their usual sitting room; he also civilly requested the archers to remain outside the door of the apartment.

The men refused, declaring that their orders were imperative to keep the prisoner constantly in sight, and that their life might be forfeited for disobedience.

Arnold had need to summon all his courage when the meeting so intensely desired took place, for well he saw, through the pleasure and excitement his presence caused, that Clara was indeed very ill. She rose, and fell rather than threw herself into his arms; neither spoke, but she felt the fetters that bound him, and well nigh fainted with painful emotion; nevertheless, she quickly recovered her resolution and endeavoured to comfort and cheer him.

At first they spoke in English, but gradually becoming unconscious of the archers' presence, they resumed their native tongue.

"I never heard you were ill," he cried with a burst of sorrowful affection; "you and our father both wanted nursing, and, alas! I could not come to you!"

"My aunt is staying with us," said Clara; "and she is a kind nurse. My father grew better when I fell ill. Nothing has been wanting to us but you—but you. Now we have met once again, even for this little time, I shall get strong."

She smiled, and seeing he was anxious to hide his fetters from her, she put aside his cloak, and grasping his chain, wound it round her own fair arms, tenderly reproaching him for concealing his badge of martyrdom from his own true wife, who esteemed it more honourable than a king's crown.

"All, all, dear Clara, I can bear patiently," he answered, "cheerfully, save the one bitter thought, that you are in trouble, you suffer through my fault. Truly did our father say this is no time for marrying or giving in marriage among our persecuted brethren. I stood on the brink of ruin and selfishly grasped as rich a treasure as earth ever gave, only to drag it down into the gulf with me, and helplessly to lose it. Ah, Clara! your illness, what is it? They told me the converters were busy with you, and falsely said you listened to their tempting. You have been afflicted, persecuted, because you linked your fate with mine."

"My fate is indeed linked with yours," she said; "and can that grieve you, whatever betides? I would not undo the link for all this world could give! Look in your own heart, Arnold, and you will see I speak truth. I would rather bear the name of your wife, and share in every pang you feel, even to a martyr's most cruel death, than pass a term of unbroken joy and gladness without the sacred vow which binds us fast together."

He gazed on her with exceeding love mixed with reverence, then said mournfully—

"Together? Ah, Clara! together, what could we not endure in our sacred cause? but we must suffer apart. Yet a few minutes, and perhaps I shall have seen you for the last time in this our mortal life."

He sighed heavily as he spoke.

"Do not think that," she answered; "the king is good-

natured; he will relent towards you. We are still young; there are many ways of deliverance. Hope on, dear Arnold, hope with submission to God's will."

She paused, then resumed.

"Oh, my husband! not of me alone has it been falsely said, that faith was failing, they told me you had lost your trust, that for my love you would betray your Master. I did not credit them, for if I had, Arnold, I should have died."

"I have been sorely tempted, Clara," he answered humbly; "how near falling, I cannot say; the thought of seeing you after our long separation overbore all other thoughts with one strong torrent of joy. For a little time I yielded to its influence, afterwards in my solitude I was beaten to the very earth, and all the night through I had no sleep. A tempter seemed to whisper, "Go and let them instruct you; you are armed, and no argument will touch you; live happily with your wife, take your opportunity and escape with her to England." Oh, it was a bright dream! but all the time I knew that to realise it I must act the hypocrite, give scandal to my brethren, and live a lie. As well might I turn renegade at once. Then on my knees, with many tears, I prayed that if the sight of you should turn me from my duty, I might not have the meeting that I coveted—oh, how earnestly!—ay, even if my heart broke at the disappointment. The darkness was over, and the sun was up, before I rose from my knees. Your miniature was in my hand, and as I looked on it, the painted eyes seemed to answer mine, and speak of truth and courage. Ah, Clara! if you had failed me, I should have lost my senses, and madly spoken the words which would unite us."

She soothed him with gentle and holy words of trust and submission, and calmed his excited feelings; then she spoke of earthly hopes. Ernest's coming was still delayed, but he had written again, and promised to work with all his energy to restore his brother to liberty.

"Yes," she continued, "the dark cloud upon us may pass away, and only render life's sunshine more bright and sacred."

Here one of the guards warned them that the prisoner must be removed in a very few minutes, and he good-naturedly advised Arnold if he valued the miniature he wore, to leave it in his wife's care, as he would not be allowed to retain it much longer.

Arnold silently took it from his neck and put it into Clara's hands.

"Yes," she said, with an effort to speak cheerfully, "I will keep it safely, and may the time soon come when I can restore it to you, never again to leave your heart."

They joined hands and knelt before M. St. Arnault, who blessed them, and prayed fervently for their happiness in this world and the next.

The guards were much moved, but the husband and wife parted with fortitude—a fortitude, however, neither lasting nor deep.

Arnold pursued a weary journey, sometimes on horseback, sometimes chained in a wagon, till he arrived at the Château Trompette in Bordeaux. There, by the influence of St. Merci, and the iniquitous compliance of some one much higher in authority, he was confined in a dungeon, so horrible, dark, and unwholesome, it went by the name of Hell.

The brutal jailor who took charge of him was restrained

from offering him any personal violence, but he taxed his ingenuity to invent other means of vexing the prisoner; he supplied him with food so scantily that he was almost starved; he left him unvisited for long intervals, and usually maintained an inflexible silence, unless he had some afflicting intelligence to communicate, and he allowed him no lamp or candle to enlighten the darkness of his cell, except for the few moments when he brought the prison-allowance of bread and water.

Arnold heard no sound but the rattling of his chain when he moved; he had no employment, and nothing to mark the lapse of time; the air he breathed was close and unwholesome, and these, together with other hardships and privations, soon affected his health. At first he had serious apprehensions that his senses were deserting him, his imagination became filled with terrible images, and he felt doomed to madness or death. He prayed earnestly to be preserved from the former, and to his prayers he joined strenuous exertions to control his wandering thoughts. He forced himself to go over stories and histories which he had read; he proposed problems to himself and solved them; and he repeated large portions of the New Testament, and the Psalms, whole scenes from Shakespeare, and other favourite poets, which he had committed to memory in former times. Gradually the danger passed away; his bodily strength decreased, but his mind grew calm and happy with those feelings God sends to comfort and reward His true servants who suffer for His sake. Never in his extremity was he tempted to rescue himself by a lie, never did he complain or murmur.

One day, the jailor showed an unusual disposition to hold intercourse with him, but there was a malicious and sinister

expression on his face which boded no comfort from his loquacity.

He put a small loaf of bread into Arnold's hands, and asked him how he liked his entertainment, and what terms he would offer to get his release?

Arnold answered without bitterness, that he was ready to offer any terms which did not go against his faith.

"Ay, that's just the difficulty," returned the man; "but you will find we are quite as obstinate as yourself. We have the power, and you must give in at last, so you had better do it at once. Half a dozen heretics were sent here a few days ago; we have converted two of them already, and are in a fair way to convert the rest."

"Who are they?" exclaimed Arnold, eagerly.

The man paused a moment, then said deliberately, "Why, three among them belong to your flock, and like shepherd, like sheep, they won't listen to the missionaries; but we have penned them in a fold where they will learn obedience."

"Where? what have you done?" said Arnold, quickly and sternly.

"We have put them in the Chausses d'Hypocras," he answered; then, perceiving that his words conveyed no meaning to his auditor, he explained—

"That is, cells shaped like the straining-bag for wine, big enough at the top, but going off to a point at the bottom, so that the prisoners cannot sit, stand, or lie, they can only roll themselves round."

"Ah!" exclaimed Arnold in horror, "that men should use a torment so diabolical!"

"Why, they are not much worse off as to lodging than you are," said the man; "and they get taken out every day,

and though they are often beaten before they are let down again, why, that is better than always staying by oneself in the dark. They know you are in the Château, and they wanted me to take a message to you."

"Take one from me to them," he cried, impetuously, and a light and power shone in his eyes before which the keeper trembled. "Tell them to serve, without flinching, a Master who will reward each pang they suffer, each tear they shed, with an eternity of happiness."

"I shall tell them no such thing," answered the man sulkily.

"They do not need it," said Arnold quietly; "they know it, and all you make them suffer will but grave it more deeply in their hearts."

The man muttered some words of dissent, and turning to go, he upset the small pitcher which contained the water he had brought for the prisoner's use.

"There now," he exclaimed, "you will get no drink till I come again."

Arnold bore his loss, and the man's insolence, with perfect temper, but he involuntarily cast a sad glance at the empty pitcher.

The man stooped and picked it up, saying, as he left the cell, "Since you take the matter so patiently I won't make you wait long;" and in effect he returned within half an hour, carrying the pitcher refilled with pure and fresh water, a luxury he had never before provided, and for which Arnold was very thankful.

This was not the only sign of some relenting on the jailor's part, and as the days went on, his harshness grew less bitter, and his supplies less niggardly. During his short visits, Arnold always exerted himself with unconscious

hypocrisy to suppress the signs of a sickness which was slowly leading him to the grave, and it was not till exertion had become impossible, that the jailor's eyes were opened to the dangerous condition of his prisoner.

He made a report to the governor, who desired him to treat the Huguenot with more indulgence, but on no account to take him out of his cell while he continued to reject the favours offered to him.

The consequence was, that Arnold received wine and better food; he was allowed to have a lamp, which burnt seven or eight hours, and he was released from the intolerable burden of his chain.

The jailor did not fail to add a bitter remark, "That the latter indulgence would probably be allowed but for a short time."

"I am very grateful," Arnold answered, in the faint low tone to which his beautiful full voice was reduced, "to be relieved from its weight for any time."

"Well, then," the man returned, "I don't believe you will really have to bear it again; leastways, till you are sent to Marseilles."

There was so much of softening in the man's tone, that Arnold ventured to repeat a question he had often asked without obtaining any satisfaction, concerning the fate of the Huguenots placed in such cruel confinement.

The jailor hesitated, but he yielded at last to the earnest entreaty of his questioner.

"They were obstinate to the last degree," he said, "and very nearly died in their cells, so they were drawn up and sent to a hospital, and if you do not get better, you may have the luck to be sent after them."

He left the dungeon, and Arnold involuntarily murmured,

"Lord, forget not; in Thy book record their groans!" He paused, and as the whole of Milton's sublime cry for vengeance came before him, his heart was wrung with sorrow at the iniquity of his countrymen, and in a sort of terror he prayed for the king, and for the men who ruthlessly exceeded his orders.

Arnold's decline was retarded by the indulgence granted him, but it was not stopped, so the governor sent to inform St. Merci of his increasing illness.

Some days passed without bringing any answer, and the jailor again warned the governor that the prisoner must die if he remained much longer without relief.

The governor was a little perplexed, but he daily expected a visit from one of his relations, who had just been appointed head surgeon to the hospital at Marseilles, and he resolved to shelter himself by a professional opinion before removing the pastor to a more tolerable prison.

It was fortunate for Arnold that the surgeon arrived without any delay, but more fortunate still, that he proved to be no other than Pierre André. He was cousin-german to the governor, and the two were really attached, notwithstanding their diversity of character; one was too subservient to the wishes of his superiors, the other was too defiant of any will that interfered with his own. Each, however, tolerated the other's weakness; moreover, on the governor's side there was strong gratitude for the skill and devotion with which the doctor had attended him during a nearly fatal sickness.

After mutual greetings and inquiries, followed by some political discussion, which caused the governor to look cautiously around, and to observe that the door of their apartment was fast closed, he told M. André of Arnold's failing health, and begged him to examine his condition,

and report whether it was absolutely necessary to remove him from his cell.

M. André's humanity would have prompted him to go at once to the sick man if he had been a stranger, but when he heard the prisoner was the pastor of Rovère, whose friendship he had solicited hardly six months past, he urged the governor to accompany him without delay to the cell.

The governor was busy, and suggested the propriety of waiting till the next morning.

"Waiting?" said the doctor, impatiently; "you know how I hate the word. Give me a written order to see him and I will go by myself."

The governor wrote the order, and added a direction to the jailer to bring the prisoner out of his cell to see the surgeon.

André read the order, and remarked he should like to see the patient before he was moved.

"You had better not go into the dungeon," said the governor hastily; "it is utterly unfit for you to enter."

"If that innocent man has borne it two months, and is still alive," said André sternly, "I can bear it a few minutes."

"Well, do as you like," answered his cousin; "only remember I am not responsible for all that takes place here. I have only acted by the orders of my superiors with regard to this Huguenot."

M. André withdrew in silence, restraining a bitter observation which rose to his lips, and after seeking out the jailer named in the order, he placed the paper in his hands.

"Do you want to see the prisoner at once, sir?" enquired the man with some discomposure.

"Yes," the doctor sharply replied.

"If you wait here then, sir," said the jailer, "I will bring the gentleman to you with as little delay as possible; but you must not be in a hurry; he has seen nobody but me for a long time, and he is so weak, the sight of you will flurry him."

"I shall visit him in his cell," said M. André, positively; "but you may go in before me and mention that I am coming."

"You will have no mind to enter," said the jailer, "when you see the place; we call it L'Enfer."

"Doubtless it is infernal enough to merit the name," returned the doctor. "Lead on!"

When they reached the entrance of the dungeon, the jailer again proposed to bring out the captive, but the doctor was peremptory in his desire to see his patient before he was moved, so the door was at last opened, and he followed the jailer closely as he went in.

A sensation of horror and distress struck him such as he had never felt in any of the miserable scenes where his profession and his humanity had made him an actor, when the light revealed the atrocity of the dungeon, and its inmate lying stretched on some straw in an uneven corner. He restrained himself while the jailer announced his arrival to Arnold; and repressing an attempt which the latter made to raise himself, by a gentle request that he would remain quiet, he desired the jailer to provide some convenient means for removing the prisoner, as a two months' confinement in such a dismal, unhealthy place was sufficient warrant for the order, without any medical examination.

The jailer departed, and André stooping over his unfortunate friend, perceived that he was recognised, and that his presence gave pleasure and hope.

"It grieves me to the heart, my dear Delahaize," he said, with deep tenderness, "to meet you in this wretched place—to think of all the suffering you have borne through two dreary months; but I thank Heaven devoutly, that I am sent to relieve you. Believe that I am your fast friend, that I will exhaust my skill, my power, to do you service; but I beseech you treat me as a stranger before the underlings here, lest some minion of that villain St. Merci come between us and snatch you out of my hands."

Arnold was about to reply, but the return of the jailer prevented him, so he only pressed the kind hand which held his own, and submitting himself wholly to the doctor's care, he was placed on a litter without any exertion on his own part, and carried to an apartment where light and air had free access, and where there was cleanliness and some appearance of comfort.

With the jailor's help, who worked willingly, and supplied M. André with all he required, Arnold was soon put into a state of physical comfort such as he had not known since his arrest; and with sanguine hopes of his recovery the doctor sought his cousin, to expatiate on the dangerous illness of the patient, and the uncertainty whether he could long survive the cruel imprisonment he had suffered.

The governor felt some compunction, and said, "I have just received an order to dispatch the poor fellow in a wagon to the convict hospital at Marseilles, so you will have the care of him, and when he is recovered he is to be sent on board the Grand Reale Galley."

"If you will make out the proper papers, cousin," said André, "and give him over to me, I will take charge of him at once, and answer for his safe custody to the hospital, if he survives long enough. To travel in a wagon now would

be torture if not death to him; he must have a better vehicle, and much as I hate borrowing, I must come upon you for the additional expense of hiring such a carriage. I am very poor just now, but I will soon repay you."

"There is no need of borrowing," returned the governor; "I have plenty of money given me for his use, and I have rejected twice as much more, sent by different friends. There is amply sufficient for his journey, and for his maintenance at the hospital for the next six months. You shall have the whole."

"I will give you a receipt for it," said André, with a satisfied air, "and without any show unbecoming his position, he shall travel as comfortably as possible."

M. André immediately imparted to his friend so much of his destiny as related to his removal to Marseilles; he also mentioned the money at his disposal by means of which the journey was to be softened.

Arnold listened to arrangements proposed for his comfort, and gratefully rejoiced in his escape from the misery of the chain, a punishment he regarded with exceeding horror, and which soon afterwards became very common among the Huguenot martyrs.

Ah! shame on the tyranny that made it so!

Nothing disturbed the arrangements of the doctor for his friend, and Arnold arrived at the hospital slightly improved in health. But while he slowly and painfully overcomes the evils attending on his inhuman captivity, this history must revert to his once happy home and tell the tale of desolation there.

The Huguenots of Rovère were watched and oppressed by petty vexations, but they readily put up with these inconveniences and losses, rather than accept any of the

tempting offers of St. Merci; a few, by innocent but imprudent acts, laid themselves open to punishment, but they endured their hard imprisonment with constancy, and baffled the hopes of their persecutor, till in his ferocity he sought more stringent measures, and found them, when the truce of Ratisbon released many of the soldiers of France from foreign duty, and left them free to enlist as missionaries in the king's service.

Truly the dragonnade was a powerful weapon in St. Merci's hands; but before he could grasp it with full effect, he must overcome the feelings and the influence of the respectable Roman Catholic inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Rovère, who were bound by ties of friendship and of kindred with the Huguenots.

St. Merci had in one sense swept Arnold from his path, but his memory and his influence lived vividly in his people's mind. The old pastor, too, with his devoted child, most beautiful and most touching in her sorrow, and her ever-active benevolence, formed a scarcely less formidable obstacle to the schemes of the convertisseur, so he resolved if he could not compass their change of faith, to remove them from Rovère by banishment or imprisonment.

M. St. Arnault's exceeding prudence disappointed the expectations of St. Merci, and when he received private intelligence that a number of soldiers, well exercised in the office of the convertisseur, would be placed at his disposal, while the most powerful Roman Catholic protector of the Huguenots would be withdrawn from Rovère, by the presentation of a place at court, he resolved to use threats, and, if necessary, violence against the pastor and his daughter. Wicked as he was, St. Merci felt some repugnance to exhibit his iniquity in Clara's presence, so he sought an inter-

view with M. St. Arnault when he knew she was spending some hours at a neighbour's house.

The old man received him with a painful courtesy; and the hypocrite, professing much concern for the Huguenots, entreated their former pastor to use his influence with his neighbours, and to exhort them to quit the pretended reformed faith as the only means of avoiding the presence among them of a large body of soldiers, whom they would be required to entertain.

M. St. Arnault answered with dignity and good faith, adding with true Huguenot patience, "Whatever burden comes upon a Christian in the way of his duty, he must bear it steadfastly."

"You think, perhaps," answered St. Merci, "that your house at least will be exempt from these somewhat troublesome lodgers, but you have shown yourself too much the king's enemy to claim protection from your office. Many soldiers are on their way here, and you will have your share in their entertainment. No less than twelve or fourteen will be billeted on your dwelling. I warn you, they may prove unruly inmates, for no officer will be quartered with the men."

This last observation, both the hearer and the speaker knew, was but an intimation that the soldiers would be left at full liberty to riot, to plunder, or to torture their hosts, towards whom any cruelty or insult, short of capital crimes, might be used as an engine for conversion.

M. St. Arnault showed no fear, he only said solemnly,

"The Lord judge between His people and their oppressors!"

St. Merci would have spoken farther, but he was overawed by the looks and the words of the aged minister, and he *retreated* abruptly.

When Clara rejoined her father he bore no trace of any unusual emotion, except that his manner was abstracted, and when he spoke his voice sounded strangely.

"Clara," he said, "we must pray to-night where there is no roof between us and heaven; we must go to our ruined church."

"Father," she answered, doubtingly, "the evening is at hand, it is late for you to leave the house."

"I will it, child," he repeated; "the dews will not hurt us. *There* must I pray, where I have so often exhorted the people."

She looked anxiously at him, but made no further opposition. Arm-in-arm the two proceeded to the scattered stones which marked the site of the Protestant church. They met no human being, and on the way the old man spoke cheerfully of the happiness which is the inheritance of all Christians, and which no power can take away.

He knelt on the spot where once the altar stood, and prayed aloud.

Clara was too anxious for him, to follow every word, but she gathered from his lips that some great danger menaced the people of Rovère, and that he was entreating earnestly for mercy and for steadfast faith, in his people, so that not one man might fall.

The old pastor paused, then bent forwards and supported his exhausted frame against one of the scattered stones.

"Clara," he uttered feebly, "my own dear child, my hour is come; I leave you to the orphan's Protector. You are safe in His hands; there shall no torment touch you. Grieve not that I am taken away from the evil to come."

"Call no help," he said, as Clara uttered a wild cry for said; "Call no human help," he repeated faintly, as he sank

down on the stone, then uttering broken words of blessing, his weary spirit went to its rest.

She leant over him, bewildered, without comprehending that life had departed, and before she could realise her bereavement, a well-known voice sounded in her ears, and she was caught in her brother's arms.

"Ah, Ernest!" she cried, "look there!"

"I see," he said, and his voice trembled. "I am too late to share his blessing. Oh, that I could have heard his voice once more! Weep not too bitterly, Clara; in mercy he is called out of this miserable world, or if you must weep for the dead, think too of the living. I come to take you to a new home where Arnold shall join us, where on my knees I will ask forgiveness of all my faults, where we shall be happy together, and our father will look down from his place of rest and bless his children."

"Ah! Ernest, dearest, best brother," she said, smiling in the midst of bitter weeping, "you bring me comfort. Oh, my father, could you not live to see and bless your son!"

Here Ernest's fortitude broke down, and he too wept bitterly.

When they became more composed, Ernest procured the assistance of some of their neighbours, and the body of the pastor was conveyed to the house he had so lately left in life.

The report of his death spread through the place, it reached St. Merci; the cruel man trembled, but he did not repent or abate his wickedness.

Clara found great comfort and support in Ernest's affection, but there were subjects on which she never conversed with him. She felt, she knew that all was not right

in his conduct, but he was so tender and loving towards her, that she would not dwell on thoughts to his disadvantage.

M. St. Arnault was buried in the Protestant burial-ground, and but few dared to attend the funeral. There were vexatious laws as to the time of burial and the number of mourners at the Huguenot funerals, and St. Merci enforced those laws ruthlessly. Ernest and his sister were present, and both got completely wetted by a sudden shower; he hurried her to the house in anxiety lest her already delicate health should suffer severely, and his fears were realised, for she became very ill. Nevertheless, he continued to speak hopefully of her recovery, and her happy union with her husband in another country, till one day she stopped him gently, saying,

"Arnold and I shall indeed be happily united in another country; but oh, my dear brother, it will not be you who brings us together, I cannot let you deceive yourself longer. I shall soon be where my father is."

He interrupted her, vehemently exclaiming, "That if she could not live for him, she must live for Arnold, and not bring him more bitter grief than any he had yet felt."

"Arnold has consolation in all he suffers," she said; "he will have consolation for my loss. Perhaps we love too fondly; perhaps he will serve God more devotedly when I am taken away. You, dear Ernest, cause me pain, ay, even more bitter than the thought of separation from my husband, which will be but for a little time. I can remain silent no longer. What keeps the converter from my bedside? why does no trouble visit our house? is it not because you profess a creed your soul abhors?"

"And if I do, Clara," he said, "I hold it no wrong to stave off the iniquity of a tyrant, by a lie. For a little

while I must keep up the deception. When Arnold is free I will submit myself to him, I will repent and do all you wish; but first of all I must seek fresh aid for you. Clara, you must be saved, and you must not preach, as in old times, at least, on this subject, it will do you harm, and it will do me no good. I have sworn an oath, and till that is loosed, I must play the hypocrite, and be an edifying convert in St. Merci's hands." He kissed her, and leaving her in the care of a kind neighbour, took a twenty-miles journey to fetch a well known physician of great skill.

The physician came, and his opinion was less unfavourable than Ernest feared. He gave Ernest careful directions as to what his sister required, and warned him to keep her danger a secret, lest she should be tormented, and her illness aggravated, by visits from the converters.

The physician spoke hopefully, and his remedies seemed to have a good effect immediately, so that Ernest ventured to leave his sister for a short time, after providing for her comfort and protection by the presence of Madame de Merion, that sister of M. St. Arnault who had renounced the reformed faith, but who had nevertheless preserved her family affection, and an especial love towards her orphan niece.

Ernest, notwithstanding his apostasy, held confidential intercourse with several of his father's greatest friends, and the errand which called him from his brotherly duty, was to arrange with his comrades the means of conveying about twenty Huguenot families to England, resolute men and women, who had resolved to abandon their country, and risk the loss of their property, rather than submit to the expected dragonnade.

Ernest's plans were well laid, and proved completely

successful. Some of the richest and most influential of the people of Rovère were among those who took refuge on board his vessel with such valuables as they could carry off. Some of them also had in charge the young children of such of their neighbours who were unwilling to abandon their houses, but who wished, nevertheless, to put their children beyond the reach of the legal kidnappers.

Ernest returned to his sister with a lightened heart; he persuaded himself that she had made considerable progress towards health, notwithstanding the anxiety and grief she suffered in anticipating the arrival of the soldiers. Ernest assured her that no trouble should come on their house; but he could not deny that such immunity was purchased by his own and his aunt's apostasy, so that the idea gave her little comfort. Yet her heart glowed with gratitude as she learnt the escape of so many Huguenots by her brother's means, and she was keenly sensible of the sedulous and devoted attention he showed to her slightest wish.

When St. Merci discovered the escape of so considerable a portion of his expected prey, he was as much astonished as enraged, and the sequestration of the refugees' property gave him very small consolation. Ernest had skilfully averted suspicion from himself as their accomplice, and he at once took an active part in the inquiries instituted to discover the guilty parties. The affair however remained a mystery to all but those whom it immediately concerned, and the remaining Huguenots had to pay the penalty for their brethren's safety by receiving an additional number of unwelcome guests to be maintained at their expense.

Ernest did his best to keep Clara in ignorance of what passed around her when the soldiers were dispersed throughout the place. His own heart was filled with

boiling indignation, and in his impotence to resist the cruelty he witnessed, he would have fled if he could have taken her with him. Intense and concentrated hatred nearly unveiled the hypocrisy with which he kept on friendly terms with St. Merci; it needed all his iron will to listen with calm approval to words for which he burned to slay the speaker; and nothing but love to his helpless sister and her husband kept him from openly defying the wretched executioner of a most wicked policy.

At first St. Merci supposed that the example of their pastor's son would influence the people of Rovère to follow him in the path of conversion, but he soon became aware that though Ernest enjoyed much popularity, his character was held in light esteem, and his opinions disregarded by his co-religionists. Towards Clara, on the contrary, their love and reverence could hardly rise higher, she divided their hearts with her absent husband.

St. Merci was perplexed; he believed rightly, that any personal suffering inflicted on the orphan child of M. St. Arnault, would not only prove unavailing towards her conversion, but might raise a storm of indignant feelings too powerful for him to overcome; at the same time he was keenly alive to the advantage his cause might gain, if her name were numbered on his list of converts, and he bent his mind with energy to the task of persuading or entrapping her into compliance with his will. The extraordinary affection which had existed between herself and Arnold from their early youth, was a matter of notoriety among all their neighbours, and though St. Merci had once failed to shake her constancy by an appeal to that affection, he did not despair of success in a second trial.

When Arnold's severe sentence was confirmed, his friends

entertained a very confident hope that court favour would mitigate its rigour. It seemed impossible that such a man could be forced to serve at the oar; Clara had doubtless shared this hope, till time and many disappointments proved its futility. *Once* she had been resolute, but would she now refuse to utter a few words, to write a single signature, when her husband's deliverance from hard slavery and speedy death, depended on her compliance?

St. Merci, notwithstanding his depravity, felt some reluctance to enter upon his attack, and it was not till after much deliberation, that he took advantage of Ernest's temporary absence, and intruded his hateful presence on Clara's privacy.

She was up, and dressed in deep mourning, when the tempter came to her door, and Madame de Merion would fain have spared her the distress of an interview with the author of her misfortunes, but St. Merci was too peremptory in his demand for an audience to admit of any refusal.

Whatever Clara felt as her bitter enemy entered the room, she received him with a calm dignity, which, united to her pure and saintly beauty, abashed the wretched man for a moment, but his evil genius soon restored his confidence, and she had to listen patiently to words of hypocritical compassion and condolence. He told her the time was very near when Arnold would be removed from the hospital and chained on board the galleys; he drew a vivid picture of the hardship and cruelty which would be his portion in common with the lowest criminals, who toiled in hopeless slavery under the rod of a brutal *comite*.* He assured her that no friendly influence ever could bring any alleviation of punishment to

* The officer placed over the slaves on board the galleys.

so obstinate and dangerous a heretic, but he concluded by declaring that she, nevertheless, held in her hands a ransom which could break her husband's chains.

Clara did not speak, but she looked at him till his eyes fell, and he actually faltered in his purpose. Again it was but for a moment, and he resumed—

"What no friend can do may yet be done on conditions. M. Delahaize shall exchange slavery for exile, to England if you will, but in payment for this favour I must have your name upon my list of converts. The change shall be made as easy to you as possible, one signature is enough; and after a little time if you cannot bring over your husband to the true faith, to his country, and his fortune, I swear you shall be sent free to England to live with him there."

He saw no sign of yielding in her steadfast countenance; but she trembled, her head gradually drooped on her hands. There was a dead silence.

Then Clara rose; an expression of intense suffering gave place to one of resigned faith. She exclaimed, as if encouraging herself rather than addressing her auditor—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

After a pause she added: "Arnold can suffer nothing but what his Heavenly Father permits; he is safe, safe, safe in loving hands. It is you who have cause to tremble and weep. You, who have found out a worse death for Christian martyrs than ever the heathen tyrants knew. We both stand on the threshold of another and an eternal world. Woe to him who exchanges everlasting happiness for a moment's pleasure—and ah! double woe to him who stains his hands with the blood of saints!"

At once baffled, cowed, and mortified, St. Merci retreated, not, however, without a courteous salutation, and Clara, exhausted and feverish, in vain sought rest and refreshment till Ernest's return. Then his inquiries soon drew from her an account of her late visitor and his errand.

"What is to be done, Clara?" he said, when she ceased speaking; "a few scratches of your pen would save Arnold and make us all happy."

Clara's reply was a heartbroken glance of reproach, and Ernest went on—

"I see, my dear sister, it is not to be done. You are right: his name must not be stained with apostasy; but there may be another condition to gain his freedom. Gold must have strong attraction for such a wretch as St. Merci. My father's property is now yours and mine; it is no inconsiderable sum. We will offer him that as the price of Arnold's ransom, for St. Merci's influence with the king's advisers is no vain boast."

She threw her arms round her brother's neck, and hope entered her heart, only, however, to shed its light for a short time. St. Merci played for a higher stake than any money Ernest could offer. He was inexorable, and rejected all conditions save the one he had proposed. The conflict of duty and human love proved too violent for Clara's weakened frame. Ernest could not conceal the failure of his hopes—that the services of the persecutor might be bought with money, and Clara's last dream of human help faded. She showed little outward sign of disappointment, and even spoke words of comfort to her distressed brother, then she asked for writing materials and sat up with composure to trace a few trembling lines to her husband; faithful and loving lines they were, and Ernest received them

with a promise to convey them to the hospital, to Arnold himself if possible.

Ernest grew seriously alarmed by the state of weakness which followed on his sister's extraordinary display of fortitude, and he would at once have started to fetch the physician who had before given her relief, if she had not expressed great unwillingness to let him quit her side, and entreated him to defer his journey till "to-morrow."

He yielded, and with his aunt remained by her, while for a time she seemed to sleep. It was but seeming; she only rested to gain the power of speaking, then with a faint, distinct voice she tenderly begged both her hearers to repent of their compliance with earthly authority and return to the true faith. Ernest answered by a passionate vow of repentance and reparation, and Madame de Merion shed bitter tears of regret.

Clara resumed: "Something tells me, Ernest, that Arnold will be released, though I shall not be here to be his helpmate; that he will use with hundred-fold increase the rich talents our Heavenly Father committed to him. You will stand by him and comfort him in his trouble, and then the blessing which rests upon him may overflow on you."

"I will stand by him, Clara," said Ernest, mournfully, "and if, indeed, you are going from us, I will seek his deliverance as the one object of my life."

He took her hand as he spoke, and pressed it strongly; his heart was chilled with awe and sorrow, for her looks confirmed her words, and he no longer doubted her approaching fate. An hour passed during which she spoke rarely, and then only a few words at a time. The last distinct sound was Arnold's name. Ernest felt her hand grow

cold in his grasp, there was no pulse, and when he looked on his sister's face he saw there the glorious beauty of death. Without a sigh of mortal weakness she went to join that gentle and numerous band of martyrs whose fame lives not in this world, but whose true faith and love were proof against misery and death.

Ernest mourned deeply, but his grief was not idle; with tender reverence he laid his sister in his father's tomb, and marked the spot with a simple stone; then he turned his attention to realizing the whole of his father's property, now legally his own, and in addition he worked secretly and cautiously for the relief of the Huguenots at Rovère.

The old man's prayer was heard. There were no renegades among his flock, and their brave and steadfast endurance seemed likely to wear out the ingenuity of their tormentors. Once the dragoons exceeded their licence, and a man died under their hands; others were marked with life-long traces of cruel treatment; many more were ruined or stripped of all available property; some again were dragged to prison, others were deprived of their children, so desolation fell on the once happy and prosperous district. St. Merci's lists were unfilled, and his ruthless mind was troubled by superstitious fears; he knew that every Huguenot in Rovère looked upon him as the murderer of their pastor's daughter, and Ernest discovered that nothing could induce him to pass the house where Clara died, when night approached.

Skilfully availing himself of this weakness, Ernest played some clever tricks, which soon drove the terrified persecutor to seek another field for his work, and induced him to procure the removal of the troops from Rovère.

Ernest then finished his business as speedily as pos
and, secretly placing half of his property in safe h
to be transmitted to England in Arnold's name as w
his own, he quitted Rovère, still bearing the mask
creed he detested. Madame de Merion returned ho
the same time, and, after putting her affairs in orde
took refuge in Holland, and was re-admitted into th
formed Church.



## CHAPTER IV.

ARNOLD gradually improved in health, and M. André opened a correspondence with his friend at Rovère, that he might receive news to communicate to his patient. It was, however, such as he could impart only with reticence. The return of Ernest, and the death of the old pastor, in some degree balanced each other, for Ernest's kindness to his sister was fully recounted, and Arnold grieved and felt consoled by turns. The news of Clara's illness, and the expected dragonnade, M. André kept back, till the fatal result of the first, and the severity of the last, put him at his wits' end with aggravation and distress. In what terms could he possibly acquaint his poor friend with his own loss, and the misery which was afflicting the people he loved so well?

M. André visited his patients and forced himself to give proper attention to their requirements, but all the time a feeling haunted him that he must go to Arnold, that he must tell him something to prepare him for the heavy blow which might undo all the good his skill had effected, and so speedily re-unite the unhappy couple in a way very contrary to his hopes.

When at last he came up to Arnold's bed, he saw that the blow had fallen, that he had no news to tell. He had

only to soothe and to sympathise with a grief unspeakable in its depth, but borne humbly and with touching submission.

A Huguenot condemned to the galleys, and suffering from the effects of his journey with the chain, had been placed near where Arnold lay. He related the death of the old pastor's daughter at Rovère, utterly unconscious of the painful interest his narrative excited, and wondering at the silence of his auditor, till one of the attendants came up, and discovered that Arnold had fainted. With some difficulty he was restored to consciousness a short time before his friend came to visit him.

M. André immediately caused him to be removed to a small room close to his own apartments, where he strove, by tenderness and by attention, to avert the fate which seemed almost inevitable.

For a short time Arnold lay in a state of imminent danger, the more so, perhaps, as he longed to die, and yet was conscience-stricken at the rebellious feeling. He obediently did all he was desired to do, and conscientiously swallowed all that was prescribed; but it was not till fresh comfort came, and Clara, as it were, spoke to him from the other world, that he decidedly took the turn towards recovery.

One evening, when M. André had retired to his private room after fulfilling very harassing and distressing duties, he was disturbed by the intelligence, that a gentleman desired to speak with him.

In no gentle temper did he grant an audience, and his salutation was barely courteous when he found his sanctuary invaded by a man whose person was disguised by an ample cloak and a broad brimmed hat pressed down over his brow.

The stranger closed and locked the door before he said,

in a voice hoarse and trembling with emotion, "You must allow me to prevent all intrusion on our conference while I appeal to your compassion."

M. André made no opposition, he was a stranger to personal fear, but his look expressed neither compassion nor favour, as he awaited in grim silence the communication ushered in with such mystery.

The stranger threw aside his cloak and hat, and announced himself as Ernest St. Arnault, the brother of Arnold Delahaize.

M. André's manner changed to exceeding kindness; he asked his visitor to be seated, and tell his errand with confidence.

"I cannot sit," answered Ernest; "but I will trust you utterly, certain that if you dare not help me, you will not betray me."

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"I have had no communication with my poor brother," said Ernest, "since his arrest. I would have written to him, or seen him, at any risk to myself, but I was afraid of bringing fresh misfortune on him. Can you without compromising him, let us meet, if but for a few minutes?"

"For his sake," said M. André, "I may not grant your wish. The news of your sister's death proved nearly fatal to him, and he is not yet strong enough to bear the interview you ask, but I will convey any message or letter to him."

"Perhaps that is better," returned Ernest. "It is eight or ten years since we met, and I might lose all self-control if I found him changed, as he must be. Give him, then, this paper; it contains some account of Cla—his wife's—illness and death, with a few lines written by herself; they will

comfort, not afflict him. You may read every word; I am using no trick. I would not impose on your goodness."

"With your leave, then," said the doctor, "I will read this before giving it to Delahaize, and communicate it by degrees as I see he bears it."

"He is not dying?" cried Ernest, with fiery interest.

"No, no," replied M. André; "I believe he will recover, but he requires the greatest care. I will go to him when you leave me."

Ernest drew out a heavy purse, saying, "Use this, my dear sir, to get him every thing he can want, and remunerate yourself for what he has already cost you."

"He has cost me nothing," said André, hastily putting aside the money. "I have ample funds supplied by some friends at Bordeaux. Keep this gold for him, when, as I hope, his hard sentence shall be commuted to banishment."

"You hope?" answered Ernest incredulously; "as well hope your skill could give life to the dead, as dream of wringing mercy from Louis for Arnold Delahaize."

He resumed his disguise as he spoke, and with a few words of deep gratitude, he unlocked the door and departed.

M. André, after some moments spent in consideration, opened the letter entrusted to him; he read it attentively, but his sight became dim when he came to Clara's handwriting.

"Good, brave girl," he cried, "true help-mate even in the grave."

He rose and went to his patient's bedside. Arnold was composed, and evidently better than he had been since his increased illness; he listened with deep interest to all the doctor told him of his interview with Ernest, and of Clara's

last message. Moreover, he displayed such fortitude that M. André yielded to his wishes, and gave the paper into his own keeping, merely desiring that he would study it in private.

Arnold did study it, and to good purpose. Clara's faintly-traced lines became half effaced by tears, the worn paper hardly held together, but the words sank deep into his heart; he became content to live, and resolved to work stedfastly wherever God should appoint, in slavery or in freedom; his bitter despair changed to humble resignation, and the doctor saw with satisfaction that each day brought his patient nearer to recovery.

In little more than a week he could walk a few paces, and employ himself for short intervals. A fortnight brought such marked improvement that, much to M. André's vexation, and spite of his solicitation, Arnold was taken from the hospital and sent on board one of the galleys appropriated to invalids, where no hard work was required from them.

There he was chained to a bench by day, but allowed to read and to converse with the officers. At night he was removed to a small cabin, where, by M. André's care, he was furnished with a mattress and bedding; his food was good and nourishing, and except a strict prohibition to hold any intercourse with his friends, the hardships of his position were mitigated to an extent which surprised him. One of the officers took lessons in English from him, and showed him substantial kindness in return, so that after the first week or two he was no longer chained in one spot, but allowed to walk about the galley with only a light fetter round his ancle.

The chaplain of the galley, unlike many of his brethren, was a good-natured, easy man, free from bigotry, and of more than ordinary cultivation. He conceived a great

liking for the Huguenot pastor, mixed with admiration for his talents and accomplishments. He discovered the power Arnold possessed over savage and refractory animals, and encouraged him to use it towards the worst and most degraded of the slaves, with the proviso that no heretical doctrines should be mentioned.

The good man rejoiced when he found men hitherto deaf to all his eloquence, growing attentive and respectful at his prayers and exhortations, and sometimes he listened, wondering what magic charm melted their savage hearts. There was nothing wonderful in the pastor's words, they were very much the same as he himself might have used, but there was something strange in the true affectionate interest he took in all human beings. He, formed, as it were, from nature's choicest clay, owned his brotherhood with creatures formed from her rudest earth, and so brought to the surface good qualities which lay buried under heaps of evil and degradation.

Thus, unacknowledged, he exercised his pastoral office, and regained some portion of health and strength; he was not, however, put to any fatiguing or menial labour, till some report of the leniency which was practised towards him, reached the ears of St. Merci, who undertook a journey to Marseilles without delay, to enquire into the irregularity. He found with indignation that Arnold was not only exempt from some of the worst parts of his punishment, but that he was allowed to converse with and exhort his brother-slaves. St. Merci made strong remonstrances both to the captain and the chaplain. The former declared that the prisoner had been recommended for indulgence to him by various influential persons; the latter spoke warmly in praise of the Huguenot, and in pity at his unhappy position.

Neither seemed inclined to act according to St. Merci's suggestions, and put the full rigour of the law in force, so the cunning man, who did not desire to offend the captain, enlisted one of the king's confessors in his cause, and orders soon arrived at Marseilles, desiring the intendant of the galleys to withdraw Arnold from the hospital vessel, and to send him with other slaves to a large enclosure called the Park, where, after being classed according to their power of working, they would be distributed among the various galleys, on service.

The order was carried out immediately. Arnold was withdrawn from the invalid crew and brought to the Park. For a considerable time he remained unappropriated, a circumstance which he attributed to his manifest incapacity for bodily labour; at last a gaily dressed officer approached him, and inquired his name and his offence.

Arnold answered the questions as briefly as possible, and the officer, after roughly exclaiming, "You are my man!" gave him in charge to a comite who stood near, and who was already the guardian of about a dozen slaves. Arnold silently took his station with the latter, all of whom were securely chained. The comite measured him with his eye, and apparently did not think it necessary to fetter him with the rest, for he ordered him at once to proceed to the galley. When they had left the Park, the comite enquired of Arnold, with some appearance of interest, "What brought him to the galleys?"

"I am a Protestant minister," he answered; "and my crime is, holding fast the religion of my fathers."

"I thought as much," returned the comite; "but a gentleman like you should have friends to get him indulgence; you'll hardly do an hour's work at the oar."

"Unhappily," said Arnold, "those whom I have offended are more powerful than my friends, and they are resolved I shall suffer my full punishment."

"Then," said the man, "it is to be hoped the captain will take pity on you, or you will have a hard life and a speedy death."

Nothing further passed, till they went on board the galley. All the newly arrived slaves, except Arnold, were told off to assist in preparing the vessel to put to sea; he was left unemployed, waiting for orders, and he remained at rest till the comite again came up to him, and said in a low voice,

"It was no use asking the captain to give you an easy berth. M. St. Merci—'Sans Merci,' we call him here—is his friend and patron, and he ordered him to choose you for his galley, and to show you no favour unless you gave up your heresy, so I must put you to work at once; all I can do is to give you the easiest seat on the bench, and I won't hit you, if you falter at the stroke."

"And I," answered Arnold, gratefully, "will exert myself to the utmost to do whatever you appoint me."

"Ay," returned the comite; "if your strength equalled your good will, no doubt I should be satisfied; but you won't hold out above a week. There's one of your creed, a young gentleman, dying now on board. It's no use," he said, in answer to an eager look and gesture of the pastor, "you won't be allowed to see him; you won't be allowed to preach and sing psalms here. The poor boy has got a Turk attending on him, and truly the Turks are the best Christians among the crew."

With this somewhat paradoxical expression, the comite caused Arnold to be chained to a bench with five other

slaves, and put him to practise with the oar, allowing him to rest for long intervals. When night came, excessive fatigue in some degree supplied the place of comfort, and he slept soundly on the narrow plank which formed his only couch, till the morning signal for rising awoke him to a day of fresh toil.

Living, as Arnold had done from his boyhood, on the sea-coast, he was well acquainted with boating, and had been a skilled hand in rowing ; early practise stood him in stead, and he fulfilled his duty well till his strength became exhausted. The comite, brutal and merciless to the other slaves, excused his incapacity, and varied his employment with some light work about the galley. A second day passed, and on the third, the galley put to sea. Then Arnold experienced the full bitterness of his position, for though he escaped the blows which were mercilessly dealt to his companions if they faltered or paused an instant at their work, he felt their sufferings as acutely as if the strokes had fallen on his own body, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he sustained his task till the comite's whistle gave the signal for a cessation of labour. Then he fainted, and many hours passed before he was sufficiently recovered to resume his place.

In this extremity he was humanely succoured by a Turkish captive named Malek, who occupied the first seat on his bench, and who was noted for many an act of kindness towards the weak and infirm among the crew.

Throughout the galleys at that time, there were scattered a large number of Turks, reduced to slavery for no crime, but simply as prisoners of war. They were distinguished in general by great strength and by a robust constitution which enabled them to undergo an amount of fatigue, such

as few Frenchmen could support. They enjoyed more liberty, and endured less hardship than the convicts, not only because their characters were far better, but because escape was almost impossible for them.

During the second day at sea, the wind set in the right quarter, and the galley put up its sails; all the slaves were released from their heavy duty, and Arnold was allowed some time to recruit his feeble powers.

Before the week was out, a calm succeeded the fair wind, and then every oar was put in requisition. Again Arnold endeavoured by resolution and skill to make up for his weakness, but his efforts proved vain. It is, however, as needless as it would be painful to follow his adventures throughout that period of bodily misery, when he was deprived of all outward comfort. Yet we must not even then regard him as altogether unhappy, or as an object of exceeding pity; we should rather look on him as a gallant soldier, worthy of admiration, devoting himself without reserve to a noble and seemingly falling cause.

He slept as he best could, leaning against the bench to which he was fastened, for while the galley remained at sea, most of the slaves were deprived of the poor comfort of a narrow board on which they might stretch their tired limbs. He was nourished by dry bread and a nauseous compound of beans soaked in oil. Louis, his oppressor, slept and fed in all luxury, so there was as much difference in the fate of those two human beings as there was in their characters. Truly the king had reason to envy the slave.

The captain was at last induced by the representation of the comite and some of the officers, to shorten the hours of labour allotted to the invalid Huguenot. Gradually the indulgence was increased, and Arnold was able to bear up

against the hardship of his condition, till the voyage drew towards its close and the galley approached Marseilles; then his endurance was overpowered, and he became unable to sit upright on his bench.

And now he would have perished, like many others of Louis's martyrs, torn from an easy, comfortable position in the world, and reduced to the misery and hard labour of penal servitude, but the comite still stood his friend and allowed him all the indulgence that he could afford without displeasing the captain; and many of the slaves and sailors whose respect and affection he had won, cheered him by acts of charity and kindness.

When the galley cast anchor in the harbour matters were much changed; most of the officers slept on shore, the oars were suffered to remain at rest, and the slaves were employed at various trades or manufactures, by which they earned a little money. Arnold, as a Huguenot, was not allowed to receive any remuneration for his work, but when he was able to resume his old and favourite employment of wood carving, the comite disposed of his figures to so much advantage, that he spontaneously provided the poor artist with many comforts, and exempted him from all labour except that which he loved.

A new captain was expected to command the galley, as the one under whom Arnold had hitherto served, was about to marry and settle on shore, and various reports were rife as to the character of his successor.

He was called the Chevalier d'Argenton, a man of a stern, strong will, a strict disciplinarian, and one who showed little mercy to a disorderly subordinate. Stories of cruel severity preceded him, and most of those who were to serve under him, looked for his arrival with dread. He was also a man

of good family and powerful connections, and this rather added to the apprehension his character inspired.

Arnold hardly ventured to conjecture what would be his fate in this change of masters; whatever his lot, he was resigned to bear it. Like Louis de Marolles, his fellow-martyr and kindred spirit, he reasoned thus: "The evils with which I am threatened do not terrify me; if they are violent I am not in a condition to bear up long against them, and so a Christian death will put a happy period thereto; if they are moderate, I shall have reason to bless our God for it, who shall continue His favour and goodness towards me."

Nevertheless, when the Chevalier d'Argenton first came on board the galley, Arnold looked at him with interest, and on the whole drew favourable inferences as to his disposition. He was a man slightly above the middle height, well proportioned, and strongly built, with an air of the most vigorous health. His expression was firm, perhaps obstinate, but not unkindly, and if his hasty temper often inflicted severe blows on those who served under him, his generosity usually led him to heal the wound. Many eyes were fixed upon him as he walked up and down the galley, discoursing with the comite on the condition of his crew, especially the slaves. He learnt that they were in general healthy, tolerably subordinate, and capable of fulfilling their duties well when diligence was rigidly enforced by fear of the rod.

"That is as it should be," he exclaimed, in a loud, clear voice. "I abhor sickly or incapable convicts, and will not suffer one on board my vessel. I will send them straight to the hospital, or if they are not sick enough for that wretched place, I will make them over to a master who will not heed *the incum*brance."

He turned hastily as he spoke, and saw Arnold sitting at his work within a few paces of where he stood; the eyes of the master and his slave met. D'Argenton saw that he had one invalid at least among his crew, and that the unfortunate man had overheard his unfeeling speech with painful emotion.

Touched by the air of nobility and gentle breeding which distinguished the object of his vituperation, he addressed him in a softer tone.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am sorry I spoke so hastily; I did not know there was an invalid so near at hand; but it will be kindness to send you to the hospital. You are utterly unfit for this place; you will surely be admitted as a patient, and I will tell my friend André to look after you."

Arnold, who had risen respectfully, shook his head, saying, "I was much worse than I am now, when I was taken from M. André's care and sent on board the galleys."

"Then I will seek out another master for you," returned D'Argenton. "Nay, don't look so sad about it. I will not give you up to a cruel one; I will recommend you for indulgence."

Arnold merely bowed, and when the Chevalier resumed his walk, he sat down and went on with his carving so intently that he never looked up, till he found himself a second time addressed by his master.

"You may leave off work to-day," said the Chevalier, "and take holiday in honour of my arrival."

Arnold thanked him with a faint sad smile, as he thought of the misfortune that arrival had brought him; for was he not to be torn from the ties of kindness and compassion which alleviated his present lot, to enter among strangers upon a fresh course of hardship and suffering?

He declined, with all proper expressions of respect, the offered favour, as he had engaged to finish his piece of carving by the following morning.

"How long can you work in the day? When did you begin this pretty thing?" enquired D'Argenton, as he took a half-finished figure from Arnold's hands.

"Some days I can go on for eight or perhaps ten hours," he answered; "I began this yesterday."

"The comite tells me," resumed D'Argenton, "that you were a Huguenot minister, and that you are here for your religion. He says, too, that you are only knocked up by the hardships of your late voyage, and that you are recovering. If I thought you would regain your health, and be able to do a reasonable amount of work, why, I would not send you away."

"I should be very grateful if you will bear with me," said Arnold; "but I have little hope of recovering much strength to work; before I came here my health was destroyed by a very severe imprisonment at the Château Trompette—"

"It was not you they put in the Hell there for two months?" inquired D'Argenton, in a tone of horror.

"Yes," answered Arnold, with sad quietness, "for two months. I was very nearly dead when they carried me from the dungeon; and I was still weak as a child when I was brought to this galley and put to the oar. The comite mercifully spared me as much as he was permitted, and I bore up through the first part of the voyage till we were on our return; then I fell ill, and almost any exertion threw me into a fainting fit."

D'Argenton remained silent, biting his lips; his eyes were cast down, and his brows knit with a heavy frown.

Arnold misread his expression, and resumed—"It is only natural you should wish to get rid of me, I am worse than useless here, and it matters little in what galley I am placed, for I shall probably encumber no master very long."

D'Argenton raised his bright blue eyes flashing with anger, but they flashed through tears, as he exclaimed—"I hate to hear a man talk like that! I told you I was sorry you overheard my words. I did not know what infernal cruelty you had suffered—enough to break down the strongest man. You shall not be sent from this galley against your will, and—and," he continued, as he saw the flush of gratitude give colour to the captive's ashen cheeks, "I will be very kind to you. You need do nothing but cut wood while we are in harbour, and when we go to sea I will put you in the provision-room: you can manage to distribute the food without fainting; moreover, I will ask my friend André to pay you a visit in a few days, and perhaps he may do you good."

D'Argenton spoke very rapidly, and when Arnold would have thanked him, he exclaimed in a peremptory tone—"Say no more about the matter; look on it as settled, and believe I am glad to soften your unhappy fate."

The comite did not fail to warn D'Argenton of the implacable cruelty of Arnold's persecutor, lest his generous compassion should expose its object to fresh hardship. The Chevalier therefore avoided all open manifestation of interest in his invalid slave, while at the same time he gave him very substantial proofs of consideration.

By day Arnold was chained to his bench with the other convicts, but when night came he was removed to a small cabin at the prow of the vessel, where he was provided with a good meal and a comfortable bed, and where he was

occasionally allowed the use of books and pen and ink, on his promise never to attempt any communication with his friends without the galley.

M. André came on board by the Chevalier's invitation, and spent some time in conversation with his favourite patient. He spoke cheerfully and hopefully as to his recovery, but he could not conceal from him that all chance of mitigating his sentence had vanished.

"Truly, my dear Delahaize," he said; "so many people of influence took up your cause that it fell to the ground; your persecutors only grew more resolved to continue your punishment as a warning to all those who refuse to square their opinions by those of his gracious Majesty."

Arnold's power of wood-carving increased marvellously with practice; his figures were distinguished by rare beauty, and were bought eagerly by visitors at Marseilles. He received from time to time presents of woodcuts and engravings, copies of coins, and impressions of gems, which he was allowed to accept, and which often gave him help in his compositions. Moreover, in common human nature he could see and afterwards represent a grace and beauty invisible to the duller imaginations of most other men.

D'Argenton expected his galley to be employed in the transport of some ambassador and suite to their destination, but the time of their departure was delayed for some political reason, and in the meanwhile the vessel lay idle in the harbour. He had therefore ample leisure to carry out various alterations and improvements which he conceived would add to the comfort of his passengers, and conduce to the health and cleanliness of his crew.

It was during this time of expectation that two bishops, most unworthy of the office, and whose names shall not be

recorded to their disgrace, came on board the galley. One of them, M. de M——, was a man short of stature, and with no trace of self-denial or mortification in his whole person; on the contrary, he was filled with an intense idea of his own importance, and endowed with a large amount of vulgar curiosity. He teased D'Argenton almost beyond patience by his numerous questions and senseless chattering, and by his desire to see how every operation was conducted, while he betrayed an utter incapacity to understand the commonest manœuvre.

Unluckily for Arnold, he attracted the attention of both visitors, and when they learnt the cause of his condemnation both manifested displeasure at his obstinate rejection of the creed they professed, and M. de M——, in a loud, pompous tone made inquiries as to his profession and family.

D'Argenton, himself a man of good lineage, and a lover of genealogies, was not ignorant of Arnold's descent, and he was seized with a malicious desire to mortify his tiresome guest, who, notwithstanding his ecclesiastical rank, had risen from a very low origin.

He related therefore that Arnold had been a very distinguished minister among those of the pretended reformed religion, that he bore the arms and counted kindred with some of the old nobility of France, and that through his mother, who was an heiress, he descended from many of the oldest and highest families in Italy.

If D'Argenton did not succeed in mortifying M. de M——, at any rate his malice was rather severely avenged on the head of the innocent object of his boasting.

The galley was at anchor, and consequently no slave was employed in rowing; nevertheless M. de M—— became

suddenly anxious to see the operation, and especially desirous, as he unscrupulously told D'Argenton, "To see such a highly-descended gentleman play the part of a galley-slave, and handle the oar."

Greatly disgusted, and unable to conceal some irritation in his tone, the Chevalier replied that the Huguenot was very weak from severe illness, and quite incapable of working at the oar.

M. de M——'s companion did not hesitate to second his base and insulting proposition, and the intendant remarked sarcastically—

"The gentleman can surely strike a few strokes just to gratify their lordships."

D'Argenton was indignantly silent, and the intendant gave orders to the comite, who directly commanded Arnold to take the sixth place at the oar, and go through the action of rowing, with the five other slaves on his bench.

Wonder, and a sort of contemptuous pity for the low unfeeling curiosity displayed by men in such an exalted station, prevented Arnold from experiencing much pain at the exhibition he was compelled to make; nevertheless there was a feeling at his heart which made him exert himself to the utmost. He got through two strokes as dexterously as his companions, but at the third he faltered a little, and at the fourth his hands could not grasp the oar. Then the comite cried out, "It is enough," and, stopping the other slaves, he bade Arnold sit down. He did so, with labouring breath and a heart beating violently, and very soon, finding no one interfered with him, he slipped quietly on the deck, and, placing his arms on the bench, made them a pillow for his head.

"He pulled two strokes very well," remarked M. de

M——, after a pause; "I wonder he knocked up so soon."

"The oars are extremely heavy," answered the Chevalier; "and it requires considerable strength to work them. I wonder how he did those two strokes; he will probably be laid up a day or two in consequence."

"Are you not a little too indulgent towards him?" enquired the intendant.

"No," he answered; "I do not allow him to be overworked, and I am obliged to show him indulgence in the way of food and sleeping-place, otherwise he would quietly escape out of my hands to the other world; but there is no man on board more strictly obedient to discipline when he has the power to obey."

M. de M——, struck with some compunction, remarked —"I did not know he was so weak, or I would not have had him put to the oar."

"I told you so," muttered D'Argenton between his teeth, but unheard by the man his words concerned.

They passed on to other subjects, till M. de M—— was at last satiated, and his companion completely wearied. The former considered himself perfectly competent to command a galley or to lead it into action; still, spite of his self-complacency, he could not escape an uneasy feeling as he passed the bench which had been manned for his amusement. Just before he came up, Arnold had risen from his recumbent posture, and taking his usual station, endeavoured to go on with his carving, but his work was in an advanced state, and required such nice touches, as his shaking hand was then incapable of giving, so, with a sigh, he laid the figure aside, and spoke a few words to the comite, who gave him a kind answer, and fetched him a good sized

piece of wood which he put on the bench. This Arnold proceeded to hew into shape with coarser strokes, unremittingly but wearily too, and it was evident his work was a burden to him.

M. de M—— stopped his party, and looked on unobserved for a few minutes, then said in a low, vexed tone—

"Chevalier, I shall not eat or sleep in comfort to-night, if you don't tell that poor man to leave off his work. Spend this money for him, give him a good supper and plenty of wine, and then send him to bed."

"I will obey your directions most faithfully, my lord," said D'Argenton, laughing, and rejecting the money M. de M—— offered to enforce his request; "Huguenots may not receive alms."

He kept his word, and moreover healed the wound Arnold's feelings had received, by relating the compunction M. de M—— had shown, and his solicitude to atone for his inhumanity.

In due time the ambassador and his suite came to Marseilles, and the galley weighed anchor. Arnold, excused from all hard work, carried on his duties in the provision-room without difficulty, and on several occasions, his perfect knowledge of English and Italian caused him to be employed in writing and translating letters and documents for the ambassador, whose secretary was continually laid up by sea-sickness during the voyage.

Gradually D'Argenton became used to the pale face and emaciated figure of his slave, and almost ceased to regard him as an invalid, especially as he showed no signs of fainting, and readily performed any employment or office assigned him, in the leisure afforded by his definite occupation, without hesitation or remonstrance. The weather was

favourable during the voyage, and all went prosperously; strict as D'Argenton was in discipline, he discouraged all unnecessary cruelty and excessive punishment among the slaves; he was not regardless of their material welfare, and consequently had the satisfaction of possessing the healthiest crew of all the king's galleys.

The ambassador complimented him highly when he left the vessel, and he promised Arnold to use his influence at Court in his favour, a promise which he fulfilled, but which bore no fruit.

The galley was overtaken by a storm when more than half way on its return to Marseilles, and though it weathered the danger gallantly, it sustained considerable damage, and all hands were fully employed in repairs, and in the formation of "makeshifts," to enable the vessel to reach the harbour in safety and without delay.

Arnold worked with the others, and displayed such ingenuity in his suggestions and in his handiwork, that the Chevalier looked on him with approbation, and secretly thought it a pity that such talents should be wasted in the provision-room.

Towards evening, when very much had been effected, and the failing light released many of the crew from labour, D'Argenton observed a slight disturbance in one part of the galley; three or four of the sailors appeared to be concealing something from his notice. He walked straight up to them, and demanded sternly what had happened.

The comite came forward, and with some trepidation and much deference replied, that one of the slaves, overcome by fatigue, had fallen into a swoon.

"Throw a few buckets of salt water over him," cried

D'Argenton; "wet him well through, then he will find his senses and have something to think of."

"It is the Huguenot," exclaimed the comite, forgetting his fear of the captain in his compassion for Arnold; "he is quite worn out and will catch his death with cold."

"The Huguenot, is it?" said D'Argenton; "that makes a difference, he has earned the privilege of fainting to-day, if he likes it. Some of you carry him off to bed, and let him lie till he comes round."

Two of the sailors obeyed, and when they were out of sight, they used some gentler means of recovery than those prescribed by the Chevalier, and left Arnold fully restored to consciousness, and rather distressed that his illness had not escaped his master's observation.

D'Argenton, however, never alluded to the circumstance, though he had some difficulty in concealing his dissatisfaction when he found that Arnold was visited by increased weakness and suffering from his over-exertion. Sometimes he could hardly keep back the cross words which rose to his lips; sometimes, too, he resolved to remove the cause of his irritation, and to get him transferred permanently on board one of the hospital galleys; but when the ship cast anchor, and Arnold was restored to his much-loved occupation in the open air, he became visibly better, and all idea of his dismissal passed away.

Early in the month of September, a few weeks after the galley had returned to the harbour, Marseilles was visited by an Italian nobleman, who was connected by family ties with some distinguished French families, and several of his kinsmen and kinswomen assembled to greet their relation.

The Italian was an intelligent man, and desired to see all the objects of curiosity around Marseilles in company with

his friends. They were very willing to fulfil his wishes, and one of their first visits was paid to the celebrated hospital of the city. M. André received the party, and showed them such portions of his domain as they desired to see, he also gave them considerable information on other subjects besides those in which he was immediately concerned, so that the nobleman was induced to consult him about an examination which they proposed to make of one of the royal galleys.

The doctor immediately recommended the vessel commanded by his friend D'Argenton, as the best appointed of any in the harbour, and the pleasantest, or rather the least disagreeable, to visit. "Besides," he added, "one of the slaves on board is about the finest artist at wood-carving I ever met, and I can show you two or three of his best works in my own rooms."

The Italian expressed much curiosity to see the carvings, observing, "It would be doubly pleasant to look on beauty after passing through the doleful scenes in the hospital."

He was warmly seconded by a young kinswoman of his party; so M. André at once led the way to his private apartments.

Nobody was prepared for the rare genius and loveliness which marked the figures exhibited; and the doctor, after enjoying the surprise of his guests, and declaring that every piece was originally designed and executed on board the galley, added—

"I have yet one carving under cover, which far excels any of those about the room; but it is fair their merits should be first acknowledged."

As he spoke, he drew aside a small curtain, and discovered a niche in the wall, containing a cluster of figures, on which

the light fell most effectively, and which fully justified the boast of its owner.

The principal figure of this group was a dying galley-slave half draped, lying on his bench, with one hand resting powerless on the oar. Two angels, of singular sweetness, joined hands, and formed a pillow for his head, while they gazed on his upturned face with tender compassion. Three others stood or leant over him, using gestures of hope and encouragement, while they sang praises to heaven. It was some minutes before any one expressed audible admiration at the carving, and she who was most struck by it, uttered no words of praise, but large tears gathered in her eyes, and slowly fell on her beautiful cheeks.

M. André perceived that the demon of bigotry held no rule in the hearts of his visitors, and in the forlorn hope that some one among them might help the cause of his friend, he related the artist's history, his intense and unmerited suffering, and the vain efforts made by his friends to procure his release.

Every one was interested, and the young girl, whose feelings had been moved by the carved group, warmly expressed her desire that they might go on board the galley as soon as possible, to give some comfort and sympathy to the unfortunate pastor.

The Italian, who was extremely attentive to his young cousin, and who seemed inclined to give her more than a kinsman's affection, took part in her eagerness, declaring he would use his best endeavours to get the Huguenot released and sent to England.

M. André then proposed to dispatch information to the Chevalier, of their desire to inspect his galley the following morning.

His offer was accepted, and, with a courteous farewell, the party left the hospital.

D'Argenton was exceedingly gratified at the idea of exhibiting his vessel to such distinguished visitors, and he sent an earnest request that they would further honour him by partaking of an entertainment on board.

The invitation was accepted, and D'Argenton set his crew to work that the galley and its appointments might be brought to the highest state of perfection. After many hours spent in cleaning, polishing, and beautifying, D'Argenton turned his attention to the appearance of his men, enforcing cleanliness and neatness by the rod of the comite when other persuasion failed, and furnishing some of the slaves, whose dresses were worn and patched, with fresh garments, at his own expense.

When the visitors arrived every man and every thing was properly placed. The slaves sat chained to their benches, oar in hand, except a few who were otherwise posted about the vessel.

Arnold sat chained to a seat a little apart from the rest; his workman's basket lay by his side, and he pursued his employment with earnest attention. He wore the galley-slave's red jerkin with short sleeves reaching to the elbow, and his shirt was of canvas; both, however, were new and spotless; his hair had been cut close when he first joined the galley, but the Chevalier dispensed with the continuance of this mark of infamy, on the ground of ill-health, and now his locks turned backwards in short waves like some of the classic statues. Altogether his appearance was extremely interesting and picturesque.

Among D'Argenton's guests the young girl already mentioned was the most attractive, and in her notice and her

approbation he took most pride. She was the only child and heiress of the Duke and Duchess de Pratelles, and most appropriately named Marguerite. She was the idol of both parents, and neither could deny her anything on which she set her heart. Her beauty and her position made her as a queen among her companions, but perfect good-humour and fascinating cheerfulness, joined to great consideration for the feelings and prejudices of her fellow-creatures, rendered her sway agreeable, and she "queened it" gently.

The Italian still continued his attentions, but a keen looker-on might observe that they wearied rather than gratified her. She was painfully affected by the sight of so large a number of men chained to their benches as dogs to their kennels, and the evil, degraded countenances of so many among them gave her most unpleasant sensations. She was rallied on her tender heart, and her attention drawn to other subjects. D'Argenton was greatly pleased when she addressed some intelligent questions to him, and eagerly satisfied her curiosity. Suddenly she caught sight of Arnold's figure, and exclaimed—

"Who is that man sitting alone? What has he done to be chained there?"

"He is a Huguenot gentleman," answered D'Argenton; "sent to the galleys because he will not change his religion."

Arnold overheard her inquiry, and manifested some discomposure, though he never paused in his work.

"Oh, how unjust!" she cried, with more truth than prudence; "to punish him with thieves because he is honest!"

Before her father could utter a gentle caution and reproof, she continued to the Chevalier—

"But you are kind to him, and have not put him to work at the oar like the rest?"

"His health was broken by misfortune and imprisonment, madame, before he came here," said D'Argenton, lowering his voice, for he saw that Arnold could hear what passed. "He has no strength for hard work; so he is permitted to occupy himself with carving wood, at which he is very skilful."

"Carving wood?" she repeated. "Ah! then his name is Dela—Delahaize, is it not?"

"Yes, madame," he answered. "He is just finishing what he is about. I will fetch it for you if you wish to look at it."

"Oh, my father!" she cried, with much emotion, forgetting that any answer was due to her entertainer; "let us go to him. Do you speak kindly to him; it is the Huguenot the doctor told us about, who was treated with such dreadful cruelty."

"Gently, my love," said her father. "I am very sorry such a story was ever mentioned before you. We have heard of the fame of your artist," he continued to D'Argenton; "we should like to speak to him and purchase some of his work."

"Certainly, my lord," answered the Chevalier; "he will be happy to receive your orders."

They all surrounded Arnold, who rose at their approach and saluted them with a respectful courtesy, in which the high breeding of the gentleman was gracefully veiled by a sense of his present position. He remained silent while they expressed warm admiration at his carving, and something of a smile came to his lips as the foreigner, with as much flattery as truth, declared the figure was a striking likeness of the beautiful girl at his side.

"Ah, that I might believe you!" she said, with a bright smile; then, addressing Arnold with perhaps more courtesy and kindness than she would have shown if he had been on an equal footing with herself, she expressed a strong wish to have the figure if he would allow her to purchase it.

"It is not mine, madame; I have no power over it," said Arnold. And he looked at D'Argenton as he spoke.

The Chevalier answered—"The Huguenots are not permitted to earn anything, madame. It is a matter of great indulgence that this one is allowed such employment, instead of working in the galley; he will tell you so. You may answer questions and speak of anything that concerns your art," he added to Arnold; "and the lady shall have the figure at a fair price."

"Is it entirely finished?" said the Duc de Pratelles. "There really is some likeness to my daughter. Could you not by a few touches make the likeness greater?"

"I could hardly make the alteration in this figure, my lord," said Arnold; "but I could carve a new one in the likeness of the lady, if the captain will allow me."

"Do it by all means," he answered. "Have you any proper wood?"

"I have only this rough-hewn figure of Hope, sir," said Arnold, taking up a beautifully-designed carving about two feet in height. "You ordered it for ——."

"He can wait," said the master. "Use that if it will serve the purpose."

"How nice it looks, even now in its rough state!" exclaimed Marguerite.

"Yes," said her father, surveying it critically; "the proportions are just right for you. Now, my dear child, as

soon as the artist is ready, you must stand exactly in the position of this figure."

"Must I?" she said, appealing to Arnold.

"If you will be so very good, madame," answered he; "and yet do not copy it too closely. Imagine for a few moments you play the part of Hope, and stand—ah! just as you do now."

Slightly blushing, and preserved from too much self-consciousness by her intentness to carry out the artist's idea, she stood, a charming graceful model; only one thing was wanting. Arnold stooped and took a long spar of wood from his basket, saying—

"Let this do the part of an anchor, madame; place your left hand on this lath. Will you kindly give it to the lady?" he continued to a young nobleman named Clément de l'Isle, whose admiration of the fair girl was very apparent. The foreigner saw the lath given, and the hand placed upon it. He became aware that a bond of mutual affection united the two young people, and that his own attentions to Marguerite were wholly fruitless.

Quickly and most dexterously Arnold used his tools, till at last he paused, saying—

"You are fatigued, madame. I can go on now without troubling you more; still, if you will give me a few moments again before you leave the galley, I shall succeed better with the likeness."

He never ceased working as he spoke, and she answered without stirring—

"I can stay as I am some time longer, if you wish it."

"No, madame, it is enough for the present," he said.

"May I see what you have done now?"

Utterly forgetting his chain, Arnold rose and advanced

towards her, intending to put the figure into her hands, but he was soon made aware of his inadvertence, and, stopping suddenly, he again had recourse to Clément, who, taking possession of the carving, was about to deliver it to Marguerite; but she, observing the reason of Arnold's sudden pause, and the shade of distress which for one instant passed over his countenance, was struck with pity, and exclaimed vehemently—"Ah! if I could but have the king's power for a little while, I would exercise it first of all to restore you to liberty."

He thanked her without words.

Wonder was mixed with admiration as the company examined the likeness which had been created in so short a time. The Duke was extremely pleased, and the foreigner exclaimed—

"Surely you must be of my country. None but an Italian could imagine such figures as you create."

"Nay, my lord," answered Arnold; "many Frenchmen could do far better, but truly my mother's family were from Italy."

"That justifies my opinion," said the foreigner. "And yet you look like an Englishman."

Here D'Argenton invited his guests to partake of some refreshment which had been prepared for them, and for a short time Arnold worked on alone. Then he was joined by Marguerite, her mother, and several other ladies, who wished to see the progress of the carving.

"We are all so sorry for you," said the Duchess de Pratelles; "and as you won't be converted, the Chevalier says, we cannot get your release. Is there anything we can do to make you better off here?"

"Nothing, madame," he answered. "I am as kindly

treated as the rules allow—indeed, they are transgressed in my favour."

"Oh, mamma," said Marguerite, "if he had money he could buy books and nice things, and so be less miserable!"

She put her purse in her mother's hand as she spoke. Arnold answered a little hastily—

"No, madame. You must not offer me money; a heavy penalty attends such charity to a Huguenot. Dear lady, I am not miserable; my mind is free, and my body suffers no hard slavery now. No one is cruel to me. I suffer for the truth, and He who is Truth itself comforts me with a comfort beyond all earthly joy."

She looked at him with reverence, then said in a low voice—

"Did you mean that figure with the angels, that I saw at the hospital, for yourself?"

"No, madame," he answered. "It was meant for a youth who died in this galley the day after I was brought on board."

"Tell me more of him!" she exclaimed. "Was he of your creed?"

"He gave up his life for it," answered Arnold; "but, lady, his history would be too painful for you to hear, unless you feel, in very truth, that suffering in this world for Christ's sake is rewarded by never-ending happiness beyond the grave."

"Yet tell me," she cried; then, as Arnold glanced round as if to see who were his auditors, she added—"The captain said you might speak of anything that concerned your art. My father and mother have no child but me: no one ever refuses what I wish."

She spoke almost coaxingly, with a most charming expression of childish eagerness, and he yielded to her will.

"As you are to your parents, madame," he said, "so was this poor boy to his, their only one. Frail and delicate even from his birth, they nurtured him with extreme tenderness, and rejoiced when increased years brought some increase of strength. They were most happy, till the blight of the dragonnade fell on their home and robbed them of their child. With fiendish cunning the soldiers tempted the poor parents through their dear affection. They bound the son before their eyes, and cruelly tortured him till he fainted in his agony. Then, to rescue their soul's idol, the father and mother spoke the abhorred lie. They abjured, and, with mocking congratulations, the soldiers departed. The unhappy converts nursed their child back to life and health, and bade him, as he valued their blessing, take refuge in a foreign land, whither they would shortly follow him. He obeyed reluctantly, his flight was arrested before he reached the frontiers, and a cruel sentence condemned him to the galleys. Moved by no honied offers of pardon and promotion, he turned a deaf ear to the converter, and accepted a short but grievous martyrdom. Toil and hardship soon broke down his feeble health. A sudden hæmorrhage burst from his lips, and his life's blood ebbed rapidly away: unsoothed, untended by any human hand or heart, he lay down on his bench to die. At last a Turkish slave, allowed to rest a moment from heavy labour, approached, and, with tears and gentle words, bemoaned his early fate. The dying martyr smiled. 'Tears and pity are not for me,' he said. 'I feel angels' hands about my head; their voices sing me to rest and glory. This hard bench is as a bed of down!' He paused, then cried—'My father, oh, my mo-

ther, you will soon be with me!' Here death stopped his utterance, and with sad reverence the Turk covered the pallid countenance, and withdrew to his labours. Then the body of the martyr was released from its chain, and, at the comite's order, two slaves raised it from the bench and cast it carelessly on the waves."

Marguerite listened intently. Gradually her arm stole round her mother, who drew more closely towards her, and, as Arnold finished his narration, she controlled her indignant compassion, exclaiming with a firm voice—

"His was indeed a piteous fate; but, oh! more piteous far are those who sent him here to die! Better, a million times, to spend a life of misery and pass away in lonely pain, to lie beneath the ocean uncoffined and unprayed for, than to have a cruel tyrant's heart with no Divine or human power to restrain its evil working!"

Before Arnold could answer, Madame de Pratelles imposed silence by a warning gesture, for D'Argenton approached followed by the Duke and the rest of the party. Arnold's interrupted work was resumed, and Marguerite again took her station as the emblem of Hope.

A small anchor, bright and clean, was placed beneath her hand, and she kept her position, resolutely suppressing all appearance of fatigue or weariness, till Arnold expressed himself satisfied; again his skill was extolled, and Marguerite addressed D'Argenton with a slight pettishness.

"What can we do for the artist? he says he may receive nothing."

"He says true, madame," answered the Chevalier; "and he would be punished if he took anything; I assure you he has indulgence beyond all the other slaves."

"Sweet Marguerite," said the Italian, "do not say he has

received nothing. You have given him the precious gift of your sympathy, and made him envied by all of us."

She was silent, and Arnold, with a heightened colour, gave her one quick glance, which told her he appreciated her gift, then he never raised his eyes from his work, till the whole party had left the galley.

A ray of sunshine, a small portion of the bright world from without, thus came to Arnold in his slavery, and the beautiful figure his hands had created, seemed indeed the emblem of hope.



## CHAPTER V.

THE comite, whose consideration had probably saved Arnold from the fate which overtook the young martyr of the galley, was no longer in office. D'Argenton had procured him a place on shore, after his last voyage, and provided himself with a younger and more active officer, who strove to merit his master's favour by strictly enforcing every rule of discipline, and punishing with stripes in due number, any misdemeanour the unhappy slaves might commit.

Arnold, sheltered from all severity, by D'Argenton's orders, and the special indulgence conceded to his invalid condition, was nevertheless exposed to various annoying acts of petty tyranny inflicted by the new comite in the mere pride of office. He bore them patiently and without complaint, nourishing the hope that time and use would blunt the restless zeal which inflicted them; in the meantime he carefully complied with all the trifling forms required of him, and abstained from any conduct which could draw upon him the unfavourable notice of his new taskmaster.

All his circumspection proved fruitless during the visit of Marguerite and her friends to the galley; their presence excited the extreme vigilance of the comite, and the long and evidently interesting conversation between Arnold and

the ladies of the party, provoked his jealous attention. He could not approach to listen unobserved, and he dared not interfere with his captain's guests, so he waited impatiently till the galley was deserted by its gay visitors; then, after watching them disappear on shore, he turned with suppressed eagerness towards the isolated seat where the artist pursued his work.

Arnold had finished the beautiful head, bust, and arms of his figure, and was busily engaged with the drapery, when the comite stood before him with an insolent air, and insisted on searching his person, lest he should have received some forbidden gift or communication.

"Indeed I have taken nothing whatever," said Arnold; but as the man regarded him incredulously, he laid aside his work and submitted in silence to the required examination.

The search seemed fruitless; nothing suspicious appeared, till the contents of Arnold's work-basket were poured out on the deck. Then, among wood and tools, there lay a small well-secured packet, inscribed with some written characters.

Arnold saw it with dismay, but the comite seized it triumphantly, exclaiming—

"I knew how it would be, notwithstanding your airs of mock innocence. Will you tell me again you received nothing?"

"Certainly," answered Arnold; "that packet was placed in my basket without my knowledge. I never saw it before."

"Of course you will say that," said the comite rudely; but you will nevertheless have to answer for its possession to your master. The packet is heavy, with gold, doubtless,

and the writing is not French. However, if you confess at once who sent it, you will perhaps get off with nothing worse than a reprimand."

With this consolatory observation, the comite bore away his prize to D'Argenton.

The Chevalier received his communication with an air of great vexation. He opened the parcel without comment; it contained money, and the envelope was half covered with writing in an unknown character. Crushing the paper in his hand, he walked directly to the spot where Arnold stood, and addressed him without any sign of anger.

"I am sorry this has happened," he said, "for I am willing to believe that the parcel was placed in your basket without your complicity. Nevertheless, you will incur severe punishment unless this writing enables you to discover your correspondent."

As he spoke, he placed the envelope in Arnold's hands. The writing was in a cypher well known to Arnold and to but a few others; the writer was a Huguenot banker, who had outwardly conformed to the Roman Catholic faith, and who sought to expiate his dishonest compliance by charity towards the steadfast martyrs and confessors of his creed. Without Arnold's concurrence, simply from the high character he bore, this banker had chosen him as a distributor of alms among the Protestant galley-slaves, and pointed out the Turk Malek as his fit agent in the office, both from his faithful and charitable disposition, and from the liberty he enjoyed of going on shore unwatched.

So much Arnold gathered from the cypher in a few minutes, and in his distress and confusion he faltered—

"There is no signature, the writing is in cypher."

"I am aware of the latter fact," said D'Argenton, im-

patiently; "what I require is, that you translate word for word these hieroglyphics into good French; I see you understand them well enough."

To obey was to consign the banker to the galleys, and perhaps to send the kind Turk to the bastinado; to disobey, was to bring the latter punishment on himself, and in such measure, as would probably result in death.

"Heaven's will be done!" he said with a deep-drawn breath; "the man has a wife and large family, I cannot do your bidding and give him up to ruin."

The tone of his voice was manly though sad, and it checked the Chevalier's rising anger.

"My poor fellow," he said, "there must be no holding back, or you make yourself an accomplice in this unlawful act, and incur horrible punishment."

Arnold was respectfully silent, and D'Argenton continued in an injured spirit, and with ever increasing vehemence—

"You owe me obedience as your master, as one who has shown you much kindness. My credit is affected, and contempt rests on my authority while this gross breach of discipline remains unpunished. I *will* know the audacious offender. I command, I entreat you, give me his name.

"It grieves me to the heart," answered Arnold, "to resist your orders. I submit myself without complaint to the extreme penalty outraged discipline requires, for I would rather sink under the lash than bring an innocent man to the galleys and a whole family to ruin."

"You abuse my forbearance," exclaimed D'Argenton, now giving way to his anger; "you set all my feelings on edge, and provoke me by rebellion the first time I put your obedience to the test. You hardly exist, with the gentlest treatment; you will not survive even a dozen stripes, and

yet you force me to play the butcher's part, and bring your blood on my head."

D'Argenton's features worked fiercely, a selfish sense of thankless ill-usage possessed his mind; for irresponsible power over men in the lowest state of degradation had not failed to stamp its debasing mark on his soul. If in that moment of trial Arnold had shown signs of weakness, if there had been any trace of faintness, of glistening eyes, or faltering tongue, he would have perished. The comite was at hand, the cruel order was on the master's lips, and once spoken, there would have been no reversal, though death on one hand, and fruitless remorse on the other, had followed its execution.

But no such catastrophe ensued, the nobility of Arnold's nature was fully roused, it gave strength to his own physical weakness, and awakened D'Argenton's slumbering generosity.

"Heaven visit my blood on no man," he said, "least of all on you, my benefactor. If I die, it will be but one of the many miseries of this inhuman place, which evil laws and man's iniquity render the very type of Hell. My religious faith may deprive me in your eyes of a Christian's name, but at least consider, I have the instincts of a gentleman, of an honest man; a sacred duty ties my tongue. Alas! my hard case merits compassion rather than resentment; do not, with unkind reproaches, add a sharp pang to the torture which awaits me, but believe, while I retain consciousness, I shall feel gratitude to you."

D'Argenton's countenance changed; pride struggled with righteous almost affectionate emotion in his breast, and he made a compromise between the two contending feelings. One look told Arnold of repentance, of reconciliation, and

sympathy, while with apparent unconcern he addressed the comite.

"This matter shall go before the intendant," he said. "I am unwilling to proceed to extreme measures with an invalid, who has hitherto paid regard to my slightest wish, and who has been dragged into this breach of discipline against his will. At the same time, while he refuses to give the required information, I must withdraw all the indulgence conceded to him, except what his sickly condition absolutely requires, and, moreover, you will take especial charge of him; let him be removed at once and set to work in the galley with the other slaves. Do not strike him, and let his task be proportioned to his weakness; see, too, that he has decent food, but no other indulgence."

The demon of routine here prompted the comite to inquire, whether the hair of the offender was to be cut to the scanty proportions prescribed by the regulations.

"By no means," answered D'Argenton, with angry haste; "it would lay him up with cold in his head. I will not have him made ill, and unfit to appear before the intendant; look to it, for I make you answerable for his health."

The comite bowed obsequiously; he understood perfectly that he was to treat his charge with real tenderness, and with only the outward show of punishment, and as he prepared to unloose his chain, Arnold could not refrain from expressing fresh sorrow at incurring his master's displeasure, and thankfulness for the respite granted to him.

"Ay," he answered, "I willingly give you time for reflection. I cannot help grieving over the terrible penalty that fellow's blundering alms-giving will bring upon you, if you do not square your conduct according to your condition, and give me his name; a word of compliance any time to-

day shall restore all favours now withdrawn from you, they shall even be restored to you with interest."

Here D'Argenton turned away, muttering a curse on the injustice which sent an innocent generous man to herd with criminals, and exposed him to the brutal degrading punishment with which their faults was visited. His heart ached as he thought on what had passed, and what was to come, if Arnold held his resolution. The beautiful Marguerite, and the carving so exquisitely begun—Was she, or some of her noble friends, to come on board his galley and claim the promised figure, only to receive an imperfect work, and to learn the miserable fate of the admired artist?

It could not be; he must avert the evil, even if he stooped to solicit merciful consideration from the hard-hearted intendant as a personal favour.

Heavily he frowned, and as he walked uneasily to and fro, the under-officers and sailors shrank from his observation, and trembled lest any untoward circumstance should draw his ill-temper upon them.

A sudden diversion of all these unpleasant sensations was effected by the return of Malek from an expedition on shore. He was the bearer of a letter to D'Argenton from the Bishop of Orleans, telling of his unexpected arrival at Marseilles, and his affectionate wish to meet the Chevalier at a friend's house in the city.

D'Argenton's brow grew smooth, his eyes sparkled and his lips smiled, as he read; he rejoiced at the idea of meeting a man whom he both loved and revered, and he saw in him a powerful advocate to plead Arnold's cause with the implacable ruler of the galleys.

Coislin, Bishop of Orleans, whose portrait and character are painted with living colours in St Simon's "Memoirs,"

was a man of stainless character and great benevolence; he divided his time between the court and his diocese, much to the king's dissatisfaction, for Louis desired always to retain the good bishop about his person. Once, he effectually opposed the royal will, and by his opposition merited the gratitude of all humanity. With generous munificence, as well as merciful consideration, he insisted on entertaining the whole of the troops stationed in his neighbourhood. They were quartered on his palace and maintained at his expense. Orleans was thus spared the black stain of the dragonnade, and it is said some Huguenots showed their gratitude by embracing the creed of their benefactor.

D'Argenton hastened on shore, and repaired at once to the bishop's lodging. After the first greetings of welcome were over, he related with little preface the painful position in which Arnold stood, and besought Coislin not only to give him present deliverance, but to obtain his release from the galleys.

"I will see the intendant," the bishop answered gravely; "and at my request he will doubtless refrain from exacting any penalty from this generous Huguenot, but I have no power to effect his release; his name has been brought before the king several times, and I have myself joined his friends in their efforts to obtain some favour for him. It was vain labour. His peculiar talents, and his steadfast opposition to the converters, marked him out for severity, and his unhappy attempt to quit France gave his enemies legal power to exercise it; he has no chance of release except by renouncing his creed."

"Then he must stay where he is," said D'Argenton resignedly, "unless your lordship undertakes to cure him of his errors. Excessive cruelty, and the loss of all man holds

dear, only seems to make him cling more closely to his heresy. He may give way to your eloquence and kindness, like so many of his brother Huguenots whom you saved from the dragonnade, and led back into your fold."

The bishop smiled complacently: he knew not the serious injury he had done the weak men who yielded to his gentle seduction, but blindly rejoiced that so many strayed sheep had returned to their shepherd. He answered heartily—

"I will come on board your galley to-morrow before noon, and see this Huguenot, and persuade him if possible to come with me. He is weak and ill, you say, and so the more likely to yield to my wishes."

"Yes," answered the Chevalier; "two months of starvation in a dark unwholesome dungeon have broken down his constitution. He has never been fit for work since he came to the galleys, and yet he exercises a strange power over the most robust and turbulent of the slaves. Sometimes I take an obstinate brute, unsubdued by punishment, and have him chained beside this Huguenot. Then after a day or two the savage becomes docile and obedient, and so fond of his tamer that I take care to stop all intercourse between them, lest he should become a heretic as well."

"You have effectually raised my curiosity," said Coislin, "and my interest too. I must see and save this man!"

After some further conversation on other matters D'Argenton departed to seek the intendant, and to arrange an interview between him and the bishop. He was disappointed, as the intendant had been suddenly called from Marseilles, and was not expected to return till the following evening. The Chevalier had scarcely time to consider what

effect this circumstance might have on Arnold's fate, when he encountered St. Merci, or, as he was now popularly called, Sans Merci.

An instinct of dislike tempted him to pass the persecutor with a slight salutation, suited to the distance of their mutual acquaintance, but St. Merci's known enmity to Arnold raised some apprehensions, and induced the Chevalier to commence a conversation by enquiring what brought so busy a man to Marseilles?

St. Merci answered civilly but evasively that he had several matters to lay before the intendant of the galleys, though none of them were of much import. Then, pleading haste, he hurried on, leaving D'Argenton to repent bitterly of his condescension in speaking to a man he detested without reaping any satisfactory information for his pains.

He sought a second interview with the bishop, to tell of St. Merci's arrival at Marseilles, and to entreat him to use his utmost efforts to counteract the evil schemes of the persecutor, who doubtless would pursue his victim even to death rather than omit any means to convict the offending alms-giver.

Coislin heard his communication with some inquietude.

"St. Merci," he said, "is a far more formidable adversary even than the intendant. To speak or think of him puts my mind out of tune; and yet he has extraordinary influence at Court as a most skilful convertisseur. If nothing else will prevail, I will ask him to spare this poor Huguenot as a personal favour to myself."

"You will do that, my lord?" exclaimed D'Argenton, with some surprise; "then you are charity and self-denial itself!"

"I will make acquaintance with our poor friend to-morrow," resumed the bishop, not without satisfaction that the self-sacrifice of his proposition was appreciated. "We can do little for him till the intendant's return, unless he consents to come with me, then on my own responsibility I will carry him off beyond the reach of all his enemies."

D'Argenton expressed a devout and confident hope of such a termination of all Arnold's troubles, and he yielded to the bishop's kind solicitations to pass the night on shore at his lodgings.



## CHAPTER VI.

ARNOLD'S disgrace created a painful feeling on board the galley, for he had won respect and affection from the greater part of the ship's crew. But while many hearts were sad for him, there was a general feeling that he would be spared the extreme horrors of a slave's punishment. The convicts with whom he was put to work felt an involuntary sensation that a superior being was sharing their labours, and they observed without envy that when he paused to rest, though the pauses gradually grew longer and more frequent, he received neither blows nor hard words to stimulate his failing energy; whereas the slightest intermission of work on their part provoked a painful and immediate reminder of their servile condition.

This special and unwonted consideration on the comite's part proceeded rather from fear of provoking his captain's displeasure than from any feeling of compassion, and D'Argenton had taken the most effectual means to secure Arnold from ungentle treatment, by making the cruel taskmaster responsible for the health of his feeble charge.

Night came. Arnold again took his place among the other slaves, and went to rest on a narrow board instead of

the good bed to which he had grown accustomed. Still, as the season was little advanced, and the tent erected over the deck afforded good shelter, he had no reason to apprehend anything worse than discomfort from his unpleasant change. He wrapped himself in the thick great-coat which at that time formed the best part of a convict's wardrobe, and, after spending some time in prayer and reflection on the probable fate which hung over him, he slept soundly till a violent shock throughout the galley caused him to start from his wooden couch.

The wind had gradually risen during the night, and at last one furious blast caught the tent erected over the deck, and very nearly upset the clumsily-built vessel. Great confusion ensued; the sailors at once lowered the dangerous canvas, and by so doing left nearly the whole crew exposed to the weather. Torrents of rain fell at intervals, and the slaves, who were chained to their benches, could seek no shelter from its violence. Many of them suffered from cold and rheumatism in consequence, but none were affected so seriously as Arnold.

Morning dawned, and the accustomed whistle for rising sounded throughout the galley. It sounded vainly for him, as he lay on his board almost incapable of speech or motion; and when all the other slaves started to their feet he alone seemed to disregard the order.

The comite, who had forgotten his charge during the storm, came up with some trepidation, and, after looking on Arnold in silent dismay, summoned Malek and another Turk, and ordered them to carry him to the small cabin he had hitherto occupied, and to put him in his bed there. The order was instantly obeyed, and Arnold, restored to some degree of life by restoratives and warmth, was soon

left alone; all hands being busily occupied in repairing the disasters of the night.

When D'Argenton arrived on board the vessel he displayed considerable philosophy as the various mischances of the storm were brought to his notice, till, on inquiring for Arnold, he learnt the cause of his absence. Then his wrath burst forth, and the comite in vain endeavoured to exculpate himself.

D'Argenton's attention was however soon diverted towards the disorder of his vessel, and the necessity of restoring everything to its place before his noble friend arrived; so he informed his crew of the honour he expected, and exhorted them to extreme diligence; then, after superintending various operations, he bent his steps with some repugnance towards the cabin whither Arnold had been removed. A mingled feeling of relief and compassion overpowered his vexation on entering the small apartment, for he saw that the invalid was sleeping quietly, tormented by no suffering.

"The best way he could spend his time till the bishop comes," he muttered; "but I doubt all my trouble will be thrown away: the poor fellow will get his release without our interference!"

In this conviction he returned on deck, and endeavoured to stifle his melancholy thoughts by attending to the various occupations of his crew.

The bishop, with a very small suite, arrived punctually at noon, and all was ready for his reception. His first care was to request the Chevalier to grant the crew a holiday, and to bestow a liberal donation in aid of the festivity. Then, after contemplating for a short time the pleasure his good-nature had created, he inquired for the object of his

visit. D'Argenton told of Arnold's unfortunate exposure to the last night's storm, by the comite's carelessness, and expressed his fears that death would render fruitless any scheme for his deliverance.

The bishop was much concerned, but he refused to accede to his friend's gloomy view of the accident, and desired to judge for himself in a personal interview with the Huguenot. D'Argenton led the way, and, at the bishop's request, entered Arnold's cabin by himself to announce the visitor.

The invalid was awake, and considerably revived by the repose and comfort which he had enjoyed. Moreover, at the sight of the Chevalier he exerted himself to conceal his too evident weakness.

Contrary to his custom when sickness was in question, D'Argenton spoke and behaved with tenderness; and when he mentioned Coislin's name, he perceived that the agitation it occasioned was at least a very pleasurable sensation.

The bishop greeted Arnold with great kindness, and, after warmly expressing his sorrow at the weight of misfortune which oppressed him, he entreated him to seek shelter and protection in his palace, and to receive instruction at his hands. Arnold listened respectfully, and the bishop proceeded—

"You shall be subjected to no force or undue persuasion. I will treat you tenderly as a brother, and only require you to listen to fair argument. If at a year's end you are still unconvinced, I will use my best endeavours to send you free to a foreign land instead of the galleys."

"Ah, my lord," answered Arnold; "your name is dear to every Huguenot who knows the goodness and the courage which saved so many of our creed from misery. Men, women, and little children, bless you as their saviour from

torment, from worse than death. To you, rather than to any human being, would I yield myself. May God bless your charity, though to me it prove fruitless. I cannot go with you, and give men just cause to say I balance in my faith."

"You will not come with me?" said Coislin sorrowfully; "you will not let me reverse in part the cruel misfortunes which oppress your innocence? Oh, think better of it; I ask in no proud spirit of proselytism, only in Christian love. I entreat you let me rescue you from the galleys, from the punishment which threatens you."

"My lord," answered Arnold earnestly, "believe that I prize your sympathy dearly, that I am heartily thankful for the kindness I must disappoint; but I am as a soldier engaged in mortal strife, stricken down, well nigh overwhelmed in the conflict, who sees at last his dear commander approaching victorious with balm for his wounds, with pardon for his coward fears, ay, and a glorious crown for his unworthy head. Shall I forfeit these favours because my Redeemer tarries yet a little? shall I, from slavish dread of bodily pain, prove a false pastor and offend my flock?"

The eyes of the bishop and the sailor were fixed upon Arnold while he spoke, and when he ceased the latter exclaimed—

"Do not listen to him, my lord, he is feverish, and unable to judge for himself. Take him with you on any pretence, for only so can you save him; the order is at Marseilles to remove him from the galleys to a prison, and Sans Merci is the executor. If he once lays hands on him, there will be no mercy and no rescue."

Before the bishop could answer, Arnold raised himself with an emotion that really took the semblance of fever.

"St. Merci!" he cried; "he comes for his last triumph,

and it will be a very short one; he tore me from wife, friends, and fortune, almost from my faith. One pang more, and I shall be safe, 'where the prisoners rest together, and they hear not the voice of the oppressor.' Ah, my lord!" he continued to Coislin, "my thoughts grow confused, my senses are failing, I shall be helpless at your discretion. If you use your power to brand me with faint-hearted apostacy, it will be cruelty, not kindness."

"Trust me," the bishop answered kindly, "I will be tender of the honour you prize above life; you shall be taken to the hospital at once, and I will use my influence with your intendant and St. Merci too, that you may stay there unmolested till your strength returns."

Arnold's content at this proposition was feebly expressed, but very evident, and the bishop gave him his blessing, and departed with D'Argenton.

"He is right after all," said the latter, as they walked up the deck together, "and you, my lord, have settled what is kindest and best. I do not believe André can save him this time, but he will make him comfortable while he lives."

"I, too, doubt whether he will rally again," answered Coislin; "but one of my suite who is used to sickness shall see to him, and accompany him to the hospital, if you will make the necessary arrangements."

D'Argenton agreed, and Arnold was speedily conveyed from the galley to the hospital. Malek was one of those employed as his bearers, and when the Turk returned from his errand, he was weeping bitterly. The doctors gave no hope of the patient's recovery. "The angel of death had stricken him."

Malek spoke truly the opinion of the physicians who received Arnold on his arrival at the hospital; but when M.

André examined his favourite patient, and, in pursuance of the bishop's special recommendation, placed Arnold by himself in a small ward near his own apartment, he came to a very different conclusion, for he felt confident that time and attention might produce a perfect recovery. Nevertheless, while he took every measure to ensure Arnold's welfare, he refrained from publishing his favourable judgment.

St. Merci was closeted with the intendant when Coislin arrived on his benevolent errand; and the stout bishop did not quail when he found himself face to face with both adversaries at once. His intercession for the recusant slave was favourably entertained. The intendant had received intelligence of Arnold's probably fatal illness, and he was well pleased to gratify his noble visitor by promising pardon to an offender who seemed beyond punishment.

St. Merci also added, with hypocritical satisfaction, that as the intendant had remitted the punishment due for disobedience, the convict Delahaize, if he survived, would in future be released from the full rigour of his sentence. The king had mercifully ordered him to be removed from the galleys, and to be imprisoned in Fort St. John.

The bishop expressed his content, and having ascertained that Arnold would be left in M. André's care till his fate was determined, or till he was in a fair way towards recovery, bowed courteously, and took his leave, privately resolving to implore Louis' farther indulgence for the Huguenot, if indeed his illness took a favourable turn.

In the course of a few days Arnold's health was much improved; he gained strength so rapidly and unexpectedly under M. André's treatment, that the doctor was a little perplexed, and almost wished that he could check his patient's

recovery. His perplexity increased, when D'Argenton arrived at the hospital, and after enjoining strict secrecy, began a relation of various delinquencies on the part of Sans Merci since his arrival at Marseilles.

"What vexes me above all," continued the irritated Chevalier, "is that the rascal pretends there was a plot on board my galley to effect the escape of this Huguenot, and that he has been keeping up written intercourse with his friends. I believe it is all a lie, and I almost told the meddler as much when I was called to assist in the investigation; however, the intendant is dissatisfied, and as Delahaize still lives, he is to be examined. Sans Merci intends to put in force the order he bears, and to remove the poor fellow to Fort St. John, to-morrow."

"It will kill him," cried André, hastily.

"If that were only the worst!" muttered Argenton; "such a place as they have chosen to put him in—a wretched stable, dark and damp, too bad to shelter horses, and then Sans Merci for his examiner; imagine what the examination will be!"

"Too horrible!" exclaimed M. André; "cannot you stave off the bloodhound a few days longer, when Delahaize will either be dead or more able to bear his fate?"

"Impossible," said D'Argenton gloomily; "you may try your hand at persuasion, if you like, I have already drawn hard words on myself by taking up his cause."

"I certainly shall refuse to give him up," said the doctor, "and threaten them with the good bishop's resentment."

"Coislin is a long way off now," said the Chevalier, "and Fort St. John is very near."

Before M. André could answer, he was interrupted by

the arrival of one of the hospital attendants, who summoned him to visit a patient, said to be a young Huguenot nobleman, who had been carried to the small ward where Arnold lay.

With only a passing salutation to the Chevalier, M. André hastily departed, and D'Argenton returned to his galley.



## CHAPTER VII.

HERE our history must go back for a short space, and take up the fortunes of Aimé de Rohan, who was restored by the truce of Ratisbon to his family and his home. Aimé brought with him a high reputation for courage and all soldier-like qualities; but his creed cut him off from promotion in the army, and even obliged him to give up an honourable and lucrative office which he had held for several years.

Louis accepted his resignation with reluctance, and manifested a strong desire for the conversion of the brave soldier, whose personal appearance and charming manners he could fully appreciate, and whom he wished permanently to attach to his court.

Aimé, however, proved unyielding in the hands of the most skilful convertisseurs; tempting offers of worldly advancement won from him no concession, and at last the king condescended in a personal interview to request, even to entreat, his faithful subject to embrace the dominant creed.

Young De Rohan had been brought up in devout love and reverence for his sovereign, and, strange as it seems to us now, Louis actually for many years enjoyed real affection

from men whose affection was honour; so when Aimé heard the king with gentle, almost fond courtesy, entreat him to yield obedience to a Church which he considered well nigh apostate, his heart was torn with contending feelings. He fell on his knees and besought his royal master's pardon.

"I cannot," he cried with broken voice, "deny the faith which is a part of my very being; but O, sire, believe me, I will serve you, I will serve France, unto death, in any way you appoint, without hope of advancement."

Louis was exasperated, and all the tyrant awoke in his soul. With harsh reproaches he ordered the young man to leave his presence, to quit the court, and to confine himself within the limits of a small estate he possessed in the south of France.

Aimé rose sorrowfully; he saw that any submission short of apostasy would be unavailing to disarm the anger which chilled his heart, so he withdrew in silence, and shortly afterwards repaired to the place of banishment the king had prescribed.

Marie and Henri accompanied him, and in their society he almost ceased to regret the resentment which placed a hard restraint on his liberty, and compelled him to exercise his active spirit within the narrow limits of his estate.

Henri, too, became the object of his father's attentive, perhaps anxious care, for the noble boy sometimes manifested a proud and fiery spirit, requiring wise control rather than repression, but which nevertheless at rare intervals brought him into collision with lawful authority. On these occasions Marie would observe a kindred frown darkening both the broad brows, which so strongly resembled each other, and then she exerted a power which never failed to bring back light and gladness to the angry countenances of

those she loved. A few gentle words from her lips or one loving glance from her soft eyes, melted the boy's obstinacy in a moment, and thus often with tender foresight she hindered the wilful child from incurring Aimé's just displeasure.

Month after month passed away, the fatal 18th of October, 1685, came, and Louis, not, it is said, without some scruples, signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and banished the Protestant pastors from his dominions. The aged Chancellor Letellier looked on his master's perjury, and with unconscious blasphemy repeated the sacred song of Simeon. A few days passed, and men laid him in his grave; but his master lived on for many years, and lived to feel, though he did not recognise, the bitter results of his crime.

Shortly after the revocation, the Marchioness de Rohan became seriously indisposed, and the physicians finding all remedies ineffectual, advised her to seek health at some foreign watering-place in Italy, at that time a fashionable refuge for invalids.

Louis readily granted leave to the Marquis de Rohan and all the Roman Catholic members of his family, to quit France for a limited time, and when he found that the marchioness was very anxious for the presence and attentions of her daughter-in-law Marie, he was induced to extend his permission to her also, especially as the marquis' eldest son René, with his wife, assured him they would use every means to turn her to the true faith.

Aimé and Henri alone were strictly forbidden to leave the kingdom, though Louis relented so far in his resentment as to reverse the sentence of banishment which confined Aimé to his own estate. Time had softened the royal converter's mortification at the failure of his condescending

efforts at persuasion, and moreover John de Rohan skilfully brought his brother's services, his wounds, his merits, before Louis' notice whenever he had a convenient opportunity.

Aimé was both proud and pleased at his mother's partiality for Marie; he felt with keen satisfaction that his wife's gentle goodness had at last completely overthrown the barrier which cut her off from the full affection of the Roman Catholic members of his family; and though he was extremely reluctant to part from her, he did not fail to aid the solicitations of his father and brother, by tender entreaties on his own part, that she should quit his side for a time to take a daughter's place by his mother.

Marie yielded after a hard struggle; her consent was gained only by the conviction that opposition irritated and actually increased the illness she was called upon to soothe. It was then settled that Aimé and Henri should escort her to join her mother-in-law, and that the whole family should proceed together till they reached the frontiers of France, over which the father and son might not pass.

The time of separation came, and Marie took leave of her husband with a sad foreboding heart.

"Ah, Aimé!" she exclaimed. "If I do wrong in leaving you and the child, at least I do it from the dear love I bear you both. You, Aimé, will be patient with him for my sake, and you, Henri—"

She paused, and tears rose in her eyes.

"Mother!" exclaimed the boy, warmly embracing her, and answering her unspoken thoughts; "I will keep you ever in my mind. While you are absent, with God's help, I will do and say nothing that should make your dear eyes rest sadly on me, or call up one frown of my dear father's brow!"

Aimé threw his arms round them both.

"What, Marie!" he cried, with assumed gaiety, "do you fear Henri and I shall quarrel without your softening presence? Your spirit at least will tarry with us, and be our safeguard. Moreover, you have made so many small duties for yourself, that we shall find full employment in filling your place among the sick and poor."

"Come back soon to us, mother," whispered Henri; "or I shall call the king a tyrant, and come after you in spite of his orders!"

John de Rohan was entrusted by Louis with a secret mission, which, after a few weeks spent in Italy, caused his sudden return to Versailles, much to the grief of his father and Marie, as his good-humour and kindliness neutralized the bigotry of René and his wife, and kept the whole family in harmony.

Aimé and the other Huguenots in his neighbourhood were careful to maintain their faith with as little offence as possible. Since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the banishment of the pastors, they had held no public meeting for religious worship; Louis' orders had been so far obeyed, and no one hitherto had been seriously molested on account of his creed.

This deceitful state of peace was not to last. The king's minister, Louvois, who had succeeded his father Letellier, and whose name is infamous as the employer, if not the inventor, of the dragonnade, turned his evil eye on the district, and dispatched thither a large body of soldiers, to be quartered at the houses of all who refused to submit their conscience to the king's will.

The approach of such a scourge at once drove two-thirds of the Protestants to perjury, and very few kept their

honesty after a few days exposure to the cruelty and robbery of their enforced guests.

Whether from coincidence or design, the troops marched into Aimé's neighbourhood very shortly after he was deprived of the protection of his powerful Roman Catholic relations, and he at once received an order from the military commander to remain at his house, and to entertain fourteen soldiers who were billeted on him for maintenance, and who belonged to a regiment well skilled in the evil service of the convertisseurs.

Then Aimé sincerely rejoiced in Marie's absence; for though he imagined his rank would protect him and his from personal violence, the very presence and licence of such rude and disorderly inmates would have rendered the house intolerable for her. Every day their insolence seemed to increase, and as many of the surrounding Huguenots declared themselves converted, fresh guests were quartered on Aimé and those who like him held fast their integrity.

By degrees the young nobleman found himself completely deprived of liberty; his pleasure grounds were utterly destroyed, his trees felled or disfigured, his furniture soiled and broken, and his cellar and horses used at the discretion of his inmates. His letters were opened and often suppressed, and any remonstrance or complaint on his part treated at first with insolent contempt or rude exhortations to recant, and at last with threats of torture and violence. Henri, too, was exposed to severe trial, but he bore it with a gallantry that astonished his tempters. He resisted the soldiers' flattery and their appeals to his evident love of military glory. They told him stories of battles and sieges, and when his eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed with excitement, they added with malicious contempt that he could

take no part in such scenes, because the king would henceforth suffer no heretic in his army. Henri sighed bitterly, but he loved his father and his father's creed too well to desert either in their adversity; and the soldiers, baffled in their first efforts, soon changed their plan of attack. They separated the child entirely from his parent, and endeavoured to work on his mind by superstitious terrors. Strange lights and horrible apparitions appeared in his room at night; shrieks and shrill voices suddenly waked him up in utter darkness, and often the sharp pain of blows and pinches told him of more tangible visitors than ghosts.

All was in vain. His undaunted spirit kept him upright. Death itself seemed to have little terror for him, and for a short time he was left at peace. In vain the poor boy entreated that he might see his father, even for a few moments. He was told that while they both continued obstinate they would be kept apart, and that he himself would shortly be taken to one of the Jesuit colleges to receive proper instruction to cure his errors.

One day, as Henri sat in his own room, devising means to obtain an interview with his father, a notary, accompanied by several soldiers, approached him, and in a solemn voice inquired his age.

Henri answered without any hesitation that he was a little more than twelve years old. The notary then proceeded to read a pretended edict from the king, by which a certain number of the sons of Huguenots who had attained twelve years of age, and who with their parents obstinately rebelled against the royal will, were condemned to suffer death as an example to all disobedient subjects.

Henri manifested indignation rather than fear when he

heard that several boys had already suffered according to the edict, and that he must at once submit or incur a like fate.

Disdaining any allusion to a change of faith, he entreated earnestly and with some humility that he might take leave of his father before he died.

The notary appeared touched, but the soldiers declared that any delay was forbidden, and one of them ostentatiously proceeded to make a noose in a rope which he carried.

Henri kindled to fresh indignation as he asserted his right to die like a gentleman and not like a common felon. The soldier mocked him, and, putting the cord round his neck, declared the king had deprived all heretics of their gentility. He further advised the boy to fall to his prayers, as, unless he recanted, he would be hung without delay.

Henri knelt, and with both hands pressed tightly over his eyes endeavoured to feel as he imagined a martyr should, but the horror of a shameful death oppressed him, and when he rose his complexion was pale as marble.

The notary grasped his hand and said kindly—"Declare only that you renounce the errors of Calvin, and you shall not die. Mark me well. Repeat those words, and if Calvin is not in error you renounce nothing; your conscience is untouched."

"But you would put me in the list of renegades," cried Henri, snatching away his hand; "and say I told a lie. I am a Protestant, and will be one while my life lasts!"

The poor fellow was resolute in his honesty, but he looked with horrible dread from the halter, which was drawn somewhat tightly round his throat, to the soldier who held the end of the rope, and who immediately answered

his bold profession of faith by dragging him towards a large bedstead which stood in the corner of the room; observing "that it was high enough and strong enough to serve as a gallows for such a little criminal."

The other soldiers pressed round, and one of them observing that Henri's curly hair was partly caught within the noose, disengaged it carelessly. Henri's eyes filled with tears. He thought how his mother's gentle fingers usually arranged his locks in the same fashion as his father wore them; he thought, too, he should soon meet her in Heaven, with the martyr's crown on his head, and he felt half resigned to his fate.

The notary watched him narrowly, and, with a softened heart, drew him away from the soldiers, and again pressed him with great earnestness to obey the king.

Henri fixed his large brown eyes reproachfully on his tempter. His heart beat painfully, and he turned away without uttering a word. The mock executioner prepared at once to carry out the tragical jest by hanging the gallant little martyr upon the massive frame of the bed canopy, and then cutting the rope before his life was in any danger.

Several of the soldiers became touched with compunction, and the notary looked on with a countenance in which disgust and painful compassion struggled with some other feeling which kept him a passive but unwilling spectator of the cruel deception.

When all was ready, except that Henri's face remained uncovered, the executioner suddenly addressed him, and roughly inquired whether he had mentioned the king in his last prayers?

"Yes," he answered firmly, and the question roused his sinking spirit. "I prayed that the blood of children might

not rest upon him, that he might not be punished with Herod who slew the Innocents!"

The man he addressed was very ignorant, but he knew the sad story of the babes of Bethlehem; he had even gazed on a large picture of the massacre, and longed to slay the bloody executioners of the tyrant's policy.

Something like terror possessed him. He gazed first on Henri with an embarrassed air, then he turned to his comrades. There was no dissent among them now: with one voice they cried, "Take the cord from his neck!" Henri was at once released from the horrid encumbrance, and the notary caught him in his arms, exclaiming—

"My brave boy, our gracious king need not repent of a cruelty which he never committed. This has been a mere trick on our parts to bring you back to the true Church. The edict is but ink and paper; truly his majesty has cause to blame his faithful subjects for an evil use of his name; but it was done through zeal for his service, so he will forgive our fault. And now, my good friends," he continued, addressing the soldiers, "the play is played out, and well for us all—well for humanity's sake, that the last act was omitted. Leave me alone with the young heretic, he may be converted by reason and persuasion, but he will never yield to violence or torture. I must comfort him a bit, perhaps play a nurse's part and put him to bed."

Henri's state did give some warrant for this last suggestion, he was giddy and trembling at the sudden change from expected death to life and safety; but he recovered his presence of mind when the soldiers silently obeyed the request of his now friendly persecutor, and he looked up doubtingly, as if he dreaded some fresh trap to lure him to conversion.

His companion smiled, and throwing off his disguise appeared in an officer's uniform.

"You need not doubt me," he said, "I have no further trick to play; and, in good earnest, I will let you see your father." Henri uttered a joyful exclamation of gratitude, and the officer with a warning gesture rejoined — "Ay, but it must be in secret; you must not tell even M. de Rohan I helped you in the matter, but when the great bell rings, and the soldiers go to dinner, then run to your father's room."

Henri was very engaging in the eager, innocent joy and thankfulness he manifested, as well as in his utter forgetfulness of the cruel trick practised upon him, and the officer, instead of leaving the room as he intended, sat down and made the boy sit by him.

"The soldiers have a merry-making to-day," he said, "in honour of our last great victory; I shall be at the feast, and very likely it will last for four or five hours. If I were you I would take the opportunity and run away to some friend who would take you in and hide you."

"I will not leave my dear father," he replied, "unless he sends me away himself."

"Tell him at least that the soldiers will be fixed at the dinner-table for many hours. And now," continued the officer, "before we part, perhaps never to meet again, I wish to offer you some excuse for my conduct towards you. Cruel as it was, I saved you from what seemed to me greater cruelty. M. de Louvois has sent an order to use harder measures towards all who hold out against the king's wishes, and this morning it was my lot to bear a note censuring the dragoons quartered here, for the ill success of their

mission. Your father has always fought among the bravest, he had a good share in the victory we commemorate to-day; they would not lay hands on him, but they resolved to show their zeal by converting you. To this end they proposed to put you, naked and bound, before a flaming and intensely hot fire, till extreme agony forced you to confess all they pleased to dictate."

Henri felt his blood run cold, involuntarily he pressed closer to his companion, who continued, after tenderly responding to the poor boy's confidence:—

"I suggested the pretended edict as a better expedient, for the fire might do you permanent injury, and so your noble Catholic relations would be provoked to vengeance; the soldiers agreed only on the condition that if you did not yield to threats you should actually be hung for such a time as would put your life in no danger. I consented, and it was only your own words that saved you the trial—doubtless you would have borne it, as I verily believe you would have borne the fire, without yielding.

"I hope I should," said Henri with a heavy sigh; then after a pause he enquired—"Do you think after all the soldiers will go back to what they proposed at first?"

"No," answered the officer; "I shall give them an order which they dare not disobey, to exercise no further cruelty upon you, and I shall take measures for removing you to a place where you will get religious instruction with kindness; and now, farewell—lie down on the bed, as if asleep, and when the first stroke of the bell sounds the coast will be clear. Run at once to your father's room and unlock the door with this key."

Henri eagerly seized the key which the officer held towards him, and as soon as he was alone he lay down with

closed eyes, waiting with longing impatience the appointed signal. At the first chime he started up, and before the bell had ceased ringing he was closely locked in his father's arms.

Both were strongly moved, but Aimé soon forced himself to speak calmly. "This is no time, Henri," he said, "to tell each other how the days have gone since we were parted; I see in your face that you have suffered, and, thank Heaven! stood upright. You must escape now, at all hazards, and join your mother in Italy."

"You must come with me then, father," he replied; "or they will punish you for my sake."

"No, no, Henri," said Aimé; "I may not disobey the king and risk the galleys; at your age, even if they stop you, you will suffer no penalty. You must tell Marie she cannot return hither; I get no letters from her—I cannot write to her; she will be anxious; she will come to me and be exposed to the insults of those wretched men below. Ah! Henri, you must prevent this; I would rather suffer death with all the torments man ever invented, than have her with me now; mark what I say as if it were my last request—she must never return to France. Let her take refuge with you in England; we will give up country and fortune, and keep our faith and honour; tell her, every minute, every hour in the day, I bless the Providence that took her from my side. It is my loving command that she takes you to England, and I will follow when I may."

"Father," said Henri very gravely, "I understand; I will go at once, and doubt not I shall reach her safely and protect her till you come; the soldiers are all at dinner, and they will sit for many hours; now is the time for me to go."

Aimé saw that his child's face glowed with a man's reso-

lution, and he decided at once to effect his escape from the window of his apartment, which was only about sixteen or eighteen feet from the ground. To this end Aimé knotted together the sheets of his bed, and prepared to lower the boy to the ground, giving him at the same time money and advice as to his conduct on his journey. Henri promised strict obedience, and embracing his father, with bitter tears besought him to forgive his past wilfulness. Aimé tenderly assured him of perfect forgiveness, and without farther delay let him down cautiously from the window. He watched the fugitive as he ran across the garden and disappeared through a small gate which led into the open fields.

Some hours passed before Henri's flight was discovered, and then the dragoons lost no time in commencing a hot but vain pursuit. The officer accompanied them for a short distance on their way, and left them, reiterating a stringent order that the child should be neither terrified nor ill-treated, if he was retaken.

But the boy was not retaken, and the dragoons returned to the house disappointed and out of temper. Hitherto Aimé had escaped all suspicion of complicity in Henri's escape, but now the angry men entered his apartment tumultuously, and commenced a search which resulted in the discovery that his sheets had been tied together at the corners. This was considered sufficient evidence of his guilty participation in his son's flight, though neither menaces nor persuasions would win any confession from his lips. For a little time his persecutors left him to take counsel together, and to devise some means of forcing him either to recall his son or reveal his place of refuge.

One proposition soon met with nearly universal approba-

tion—it was, to prevent the prisoner from sleeping till he either complied with their requisition or recanted his heresy.

Aimé received the first intimation of their purpose by the removal of his bedding and the destruction of the bedstead, which was deliberately hacked to pieces in his presence. He was then subjected to the constant presence of two dragoons, who took their station by his side and kept a harassing watch over his actions. Every four hours the guard was relieved, and by their vigilance and ingenuity Aimé passed one night without obtaining any repose. In the early morning two soldiers came upon duty more good-natured than their fellows, for they allowed him to sleep undisturbed throughout their watch, and did not rouse him till the sound of approaching feet and eager talking warned them to put on the semblance of cruel vigilance.

It was not the relieving guard who entered, but at least half a dozen of the dragoons, who came to take Aimé to the high road that he might witness the execution of the king's new edict.

The prisoner neither asked nor received any information as to the import of the edict; he rejoiced at finding himself in the fresh air and sunshine, but he grieved over the utter desolation of his garden and grounds through which he passed to the road.

There a horrible spectacle met his eyes, inspiring at once pity and disgust; alas! what was it? An exposed disfigured corpse, dragged on a hurdle, with the public executioner, a most unwilling agent, playing a principal part in the revolting exhibition. Some degraded people followed the hurdle with yells and curses, throwing mud and stones on the senseless clay, while two or three men with pale

steadfast countenances walked silently as near to the body as they could press, utterly disregarding the mud and stones of which they too were sometimes the mark.

Wondering and shuddering, Aimé turned away, and his guards were too much occupied by their own curiosity to pay much attention to him, till the procession disappeared in the distance. Then one of them, named Gaspard, roused him by exclaiming with an oath—"The hangman don't like his place, and, by ——, neither should I."

"Who cares what he likes?" answered a second; "the fellow had the impudence to object to the king's decree; last night he ran away, and was only brought back to his duty by a threat of his own halter."

"Poor fellow!" muttered Aimé, and the last speaker went on to narrate for his information, how the bodies of all new converts, who refused to receive the Catholic rites in their last moments, were, without distinction of sex, to be thus exposed and cast out without burial.

Aimé's heart burnt fiercely, but he curbed his indignation.

"I do think," resumed Gaspard, "when a woman is in the case the judges might shut their eyes and let the matter pass. My heart is not softer than my neighbours, but the pitiful story of that poor girl and her lover is enough to make a man——swear." He meant "weep."

Aimé looked an inquiry at Gaspard, who was, however, disinclined to satisfy him, and one of the other dragoons answered for his comrade—

"He means Lisbeth Bonami. The poor thing was to have been married, but she died instead, and went back to her heresy at last. So they gave her body to the hangman, but her lover followed the hurdle and saw where they cast

out his dead bride; then in the night he came and buried her."

"Can such horror be perpetrated in open day in this Christian country, in these times?" cried Aimé. "It is false! the king never put his hand to such infamy."

"His most Christian majesty," said the man, with an emphasis which might pass for irony, "has set both his hand and his seal to this edict. You will find he can be as terrible in his vengeance on obstinate rebels as he is loving and favourable to those who obey his will."

Aimé made no answer; he re-entered his room, and for many hours his own thoughts were as effectual in driving away sleep as the most ingenious efforts of his tormentors. Devoted loyalty struggled with his feelings as a man, and at last he took refuge in incredulity, and persuaded himself that some wretched bigots had made a foul use of the royal name. The day passed wearily, for he could take no interest in any employment, and the constant presence of his guards weighed heavily on his spirits, while it forced him to an increasing effort to preserve a wakeful exterior.

Late in the evening Gaspard came to take his turn as one of the watchers. He carried a pitcher of wine which he placed on a small table near the door; then he and his companion each drew a seat near Aimé and took their station, as if waiting for any motion of fatigue on his part to begin their hateful office.

How long the young nobleman's resolution could save him from the insulting touch of their hands was uncertain, for Gaspard soon complained of thirst, and insolently desired Aimé to rouse himself and fetch the wine.

For a moment he hesitated, and a strong impulse tempted

him to lay the rude soldier at his feet. But suffering had schooled him to patience, and he obeyed the order.

Gaspard snatched the jug from his hand so violently, that much of the wine was spilt; then, after drinking what seemed a deep draught, he passed the jug to his fellow-watcher.

The man took it, murmuring over the waste of the good liquor, and drank great part of the remainder. Its effect was soon obvious. Gaspard had put a strong drug in the wine, and in a very short time his comrade was in a deep sleep, and likely so to remain for many an hour.

For a moment Gaspard anxiously observed the result of his medicine, but when he felt assured of the helpless unconsciousness it had produced, he turned to Aimé, and, with frank humility, besought him to pardon his late rudeness.

"I did it to serve you, sir," he said; "and I have brought you a letter from Madame de Rohan. It has been opened, but I was able to save it for you."

Aimé assured the man of his forgiveness and gratitude, and as he eagerly read his wife's letter, one sentence seemed to eclipse all others. "In a month's time, dear Aimé," she wrote, "I shall be with you. The others go to Versailles, but I shall come direct to you and Henri."

"The lady must not come here, sir," said Gaspard quietly, as he marked Aimé's consternation; "and you had better go and tell her so. If you start at once you will be in time to stop her."

"Go to her? be with her?" said Aimé, with a mixture of joy and sadness; "but the king has forbidden me to quit France; and yet, rather than she should come here, I would disobey him. I would brave all penalties and escape, if I could but find the opportunity!"

"You have the opportunity, sir, this very moment," rejoined Gaspard. "My watch lasts six hours, and you will have all that time to make way. My sweetheart is one of the new converts here. She says you and madame have been very kind to her, and she will show me no favour unless I am friendly to you."

"But, my good fellow," said Aimé, "your friendship may cost you your life."

"Trust me for taking care of myself," answered Gaspard hardily. "All the soldiers are gone to rest. You can easily escape by the back staircase to the garden, and so to the road. I shall not be suspected of helping; only when you are safe with madame, send two lines to Louise Lamotte, and I shall be a happy man. She is her father's only child and heir, and he turned Catholic as soon as he found the dragoons were coming to his house, so they never entered his doors."

An expression of sorrowful indignation passed over Aimé's face, but it was against the persecutors, not the unhappy apostates. Then he turned his mind to his own escape, and, hastily collecting a few articles in a small bundle, he gave his deliverer warm thanks, and noiselessly descended a small winding staircase close at hand, which led to the garden. Once out in the open air, his spirit rose, and, invigorated by the sense of freedom, he was soon beyond the limits of his estate. The country around was well known to him, and the night was not too dark to hinder his progress. He traversed about fifteen miles without meeting any person, and before morning he reached the house of a trusty friend, who furnished him with the disguise of a respectable tradesman. He only tarried long enough to take some refreshment, and then resumed his flight.

Gaspard watched almost breathlessly for any signs or sounds of pursuit, till he felt certain Aimé had reached the road. The house continued undisturbed in its repose, and he took the wine-jug in his hands, shaking it so that no sediment might remain at the bottom, then he put it to his lips and drank the whole of its contents. The dose was a very strong one; he threw himself on the floor, and was soon in the same condition as his comrade.

The relieving guard came late, and at once gave the alarm that the prisoner had escaped. It was no easy matter to gain information from the sleepy guardians; indeed, it was some time before they could be roused from their lethargy. A doctor was summoned, who pronounced the men to be under the influence of some strong narcotic, and while part of the dragoons started in pursuit of the fugitive, part remained to gather evidence from Gaspard and his fellow-watcher so soon as they were able to give it.

Speech and sense returned only by degrees, but no evidence could be gained respecting the absent prisoner; both the sufferers positively declared that he had all but poisoned them, and offered vows for his recapture that they might be revenged for his treachery; both agreed also that the wine must have been drugged when the prisoner carried it from the side-table and gave it into Gaspard's hands. Not the slightest suspicion rested on either of them as an accomplice in Aimé's escape; and so soon as they were sufficiently recovered they joined the rest of the soldiers in scouring the country in a vain search for their prey.

Aimé pursued his journey through desolate and unfrequented paths, and for two days he met with no hindrance. On the second night he was alarmed by the sound of

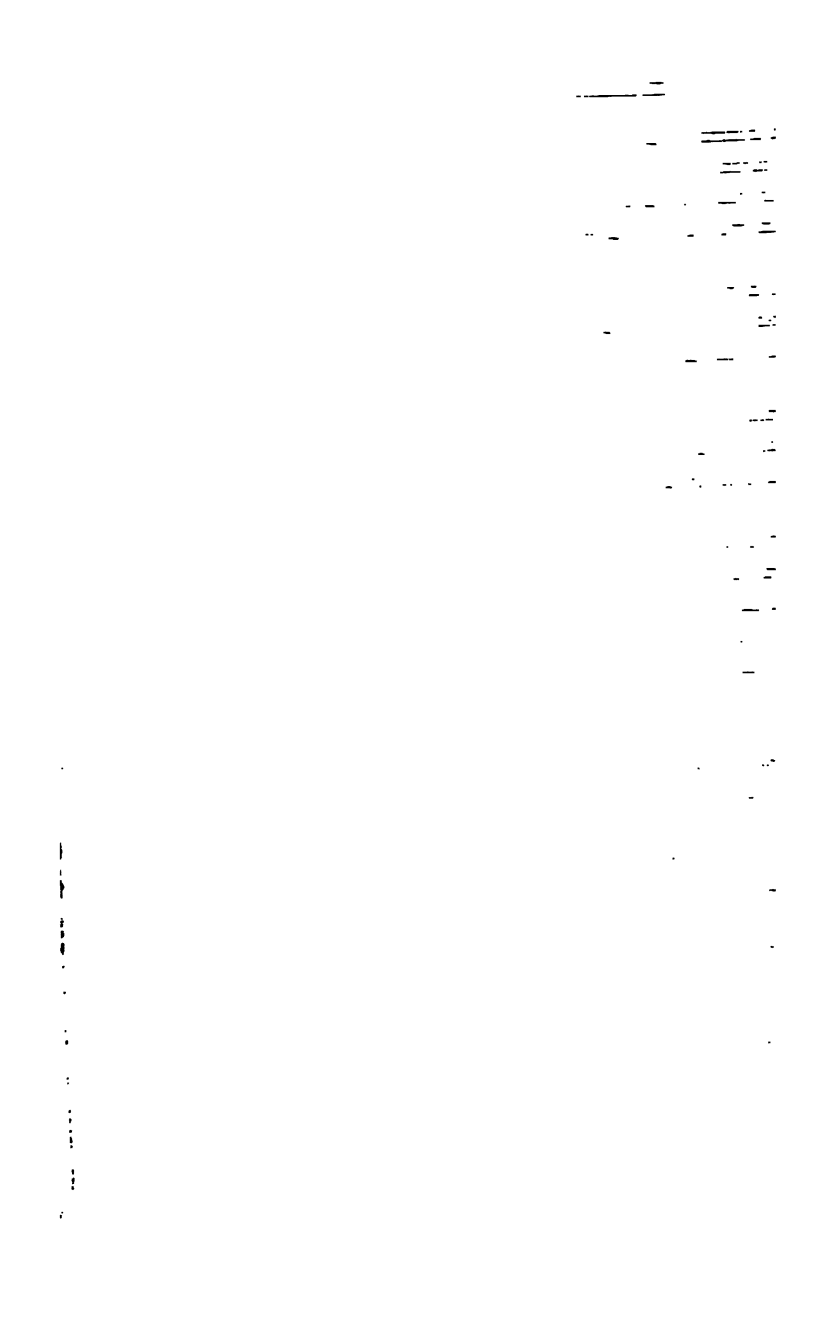
horses' feet, and he took refuge in a wild rocky desert, not altogether destitute of trees and verdure. He remained in concealment for a short time and then endeavoured to retrace his steps, but though the moon afforded considerable light, he was unable to recover the track he had abandoned, and, after some fruitless efforts, he resolved to indulge a strong inclination for repose till morning dawned.

To this end he sought for a convenient place to lie down, but before he obtained his object, he suddenly encountered two men, one of whom addressed him by name. Aimé recognised him as a wealthy farmer and a zealous Protestant, and could not help expressing surprise at his presence in so desolate a spot; "unless, indeed," he added, "you are a fugitive like myself."

"Something of the kind," he answered; "but just now we are keeping watch over a meeting of our brethren, they are listening to a brave pastor who tends his flock at the hazard of his life."

An intense longing seized Aimé to join that devoted congregation—to pray with men who thought and worshipped according to his own creed. What though he committed thereby fresh disobedience against the king's edicts? Something beyond any human decree seemed to urge him on, and he joined the proscribed assembly.

He stood only a few paces from the preacher, who spoke earnestly, as men speak when death is on the threshold of life. He warned his hearers not to risk their faith and the loss of God's dear gift, their children, but to flee from a persecuting country; and while he spoke reverently of the obedience due to all in authority, he told them that the king had himself rendered obedience impossible without deadly sin; he spoke of the vast number of Protestants who



their possession. They were separated from the unarmed captives, and brought before the colonel who commanded the troops.

He regarded them gravely, perhaps sadly, and told them that they had all incurred the punishment of death, as rebels against the king's authority; but that the extreme penalty would be carried out on only a few of their number, who would be executed on the spot without trial or delay. He then indicated three of the prisoners, all men advanced in years, as the chosen objects of the king's vengeance, and ordered them to be hung on the nearest tree.

They heard the doom with patient resignation, and no unbecoming emotion, but before they could be removed, one of the youngest among the captives threw himself at the colonel's feet, and earnestly entreated that he might die in his father's place.

The officer refused, and at the same time reproved the youth for bearing arms against the king's authority.

The poor fellow protested that he and his father had only carried arms as a defence against thieves and wolves during their journey through a desolate and lonely country—they had no intention of using them against the king's troops; he concluded with fresh and moving entreaties that the old man might be spared, "for his mother's sake and the young children's."

The father, at first struck speechless by the youth's affectionate devotion, now found voice, and rejected his filial sacrifice with energy equal to his own.

The colonel looked at the two supplicants: each man was moved by a loving anxious desire to suffer for the other, and each with honest eagerness entreated that he might die in the place of his fellow.

For a few seconds he was undecided, then he said sternly to the son, "Your father must die, you are too young."

Here a third prisoner suddenly forced himself from the soldiers' hands, and advancing to the colonel, he addressed him—

"Have pity on the boy's grief, and spare his father; my grey hairs at least fit me for a victim, and I have no wife, no children to mourn for me—let me die."

The speaker was an advocate, grey with trouble rather than with years, who had lost his profession, and submitted to utter ruin, and the loss of his young motherless children, rather than abandon the reformed faith. His gentlemanly appearance and courtly accent actually moved the colonel more than the natural grief and devoted affection of his two former supplicants, who had no pretensions to such gentility; he whispered a few words to his second in command, who nodded approvingly, then he turned to the advocate, saying—

"I will not, sir, exact the penalty your compassion offers, and I will spare the lives of both father and son, though I somewhat fail in my duty by such lenity. Two executions only shall expiate this daring breach of the law."

Then at a mere sign of his hand, the two condemned prisoners were led to a tree near at hand, and after protesting their innocence of rebellion against the king's will, except in the matter of religion, they submitted to their fate with a martyr's courage.

In the meantime some of the soldiers were busily employed binding the prisoners with cords provided beforehand for the purpose. Aimé escaped this humiliation by the special favour of the colonel, who remarking his noble

soldier-like figure, and that his shirt was stained with blood, enquired if he was wounded.

Aimé answered in the affirmative, adding, that he believed the wound was slight.

His voice confirmed the colonel's suspicions, that his prisoner was a gentleman in disguise, and with a feeling of compassion towards an unfortunate man of his own class, which he contemptuously denied to men of a lower station, he gave Aimé in charge to a mounted dragoon, to be conveyed to prison on horseback, and without bonds.

The religious assembly, which terminated with such tragical events, took place in the province of Languedoc, where the intendant Lamoignon de Bâville had just commenced his reign of blood and cruelty. It is difficult, even after the lapse of nearly two hundred years, for a descendant of the Huguenots, not ignorant of their history, to write or speak of this man without horror and grief.

It wanted, however, some years of despotic rule, and some aggressive opposition from the brave people he oppressed, to awaken the full evil of his character; and when Aimé, with the other prisoners, were brought up for judgment, Bâville ordered no fresh blood-shedding; but he condemned all those taken with arms on their persons, as well as some of the unarmed offenders, to serve the king at the galleys for life, and the remainder, to various less severe penalties.

Aimé, who found himself unrecognised, was mindful to shield his family from any share in his disgrace. He assumed the name of D'Avenant, from a small territory which belonged to him in right of his wife, and under that name he received his sentence. He was removed from Bâville's

presence, and placed with the advocate and two or three others, in a dark, ill-ventilated cell, there to await the dreaded journey to Marseilles.

A gleam of hope brightened Aimé's prospects. He learnt from the advocate that John de Rohan had returned to Versailles, and by the influence and address of the same kind friend, he was enabled to send, with little delay, a letter to his brother, giving a cautiously worded account of his misadventures and condemnation. He added neither suggestion nor entreaty, being very certain that John would do all, and venture all, to save him from a fate worse than death.

The prisoners did not remain unvisited, each was earnestly exhorted to escape punishment at the price of conversion. Aimé with the advocate were soon left sole tenants of their cell; for their companions, yielding to the horrors of anticipated slavery, declared themselves ready to embrace the king's creed, and they were at once withdrawn either to receive instruction, in a more comfortable prison, or to be set at liberty.

The ultimate fate of the other condemned slaves is uncertain, except that of the devoted father and son, who, after rejecting all idea of apostasy, were despatched with many others to penal servitude in the French colonies. On their arrival they met with kind friends, instead of hard masters, who connived at their escape to England, where they soon summoned the rest of their family, and where their descendants are now reckoned among the prosperous gentry of the land.

After the removal of the proselytes, Aimé and his companion remained unvisited except by the jailor, who seemed resolved to punish their firmness by surly unkindness. He required them at once to put off the apparel of respectable

men, and to assume the felon's dress which became their condition, and which he ostentatiously displayed before their eyes.

The feelings and prejudices of the young nobleman were deeply wounded; he looked on the hateful garments with horror and dismay, and found no words to answer the jailor when the man, perceiving his emotion, exhorted him to escape degradation by a timely repentance.

Slowly and with trembling hands Aimé clothed himself in "the livery of crime." He felt as if an icy atmosphere surrounded him, and he glanced fearfully at the advocate, who had effected his change of apparel with stoical resignation.

"Truly, this is not at present a gentlemanly costume," remarked the latter, when the jailor had left the cell with the cast-off garments of his prisoners; "nevertheless, if Louis's edicts are to be carried out it will become the proper uniform of honest men."

Something like a smile came to Aimé's lips, and the advocate forgot his own misfortune in his kind efforts to administer consolation to his suffering companion.

Aimé was indeed suffering deeply, both in his mind and from the wound which he had at first regarded so slightly, but which was in reality very serious, and which bad air and food, joined to neglect and anxiety, seemed likely to aggravate to a fatal result.

It seemed hopeless to appeal to the jailor's compassion, and Aimé was unwilling to make the attempt, but the advocate, who began to grow alarmed, resolved to try his eloquence on the obdurate man. It proved vain; the jailor declared that he knew of no surgeon at leisure to attend a heretic, that the wounded man might wait till he got to

Marseilles, where he would get doctors enough and to spare at the galley-slaves' hospital.

Even from this brutal answer Aimé drew consolation: it reminded him that his serious illness would consign him to the hospital before he was chained on board a galley, and that his sentence might be reversed before its worst part was carried out.

The prisoners were on the eve of departure for Marseilles, when the advocate was withdrawn from his cell and introduced into a large, well-lighted apartment, where he received a warm embrace from a young officer, his nephew, who brought an order from the intendant, softening his sentence to the galleys into banishment for life with confiscation of property.

"We got this with much difficulty," said the young man, as he exhibited the order; "and I have travelled night and day that you might be spared the terrible journey in chains to Marseilles, but you see it would have been effectual for your release at that place as well as here."

A few seconds were spent by the advocate in silent gratitude; he pressed his nephew's hand with great affection, then he said—"Does any one here know your errand, dear Edward?"

"No one save ourselves," answered Edward. "I wished to announce the good news myself, and I obtained permission from the governor to see you alone."

"Then," said his uncle, "keep back this order for a few days; let it be as if you had tarried on your way, and arrived here after we had started for Marseilles."

The young man looked at his uncle as if he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"I have a sick companion, Edward, who was wounded as

well as taken prisoner at my side; as yet he has no reprieve, he must go to Marseilles to-morrow, and I wish to remain with him till he is placed in the hospital there; a few pieces of gold will doubtless give us the privilege of a common chain and a decent wagon to travel in. Furnish me with the money and meet me at Marseilles, then—ah, thank Heaven!—I shall be free to quit the land of my birth."

"Let us call the jailor to counsel," suggested Edward; "before you delay your freedom, be sure you will gain your end by the sacrifice."

The jailor, who kept guard without the door, was at once summoned and interrogated.

He offered to ensure that the two friends should be chained together and conveyed to Marseilles in a cart, instead of proceeding on foot with the other slaves, if a certain sum of money were paid for the accommodation.

Edward drew out his purse, which contained a few pieces more than the amount required, and gave it into his uncle's hands.

The advocate's eyes sparkled—"Ah, Edward," he exclaimed, "the value of this gold! it may save a life—and such a life. Money, money," he continued, musingly, as if ashamed of the joy he manifested in its possession, "Heaven's blessed gift, or hell's most fatal curse; I never thought to love thee thus!"

Edward smiled, then, addressing the jailor, he promised to reward him liberally if his uncle with his friend were well treated during their journey.

"Learn when we start, if possible, Edward," said the advocate; "and furnish us with a few things that sick men like; and now, farewell, it is time I went back to the cell, or my poor friend will think I have deserted him."

The jailor led the way, and Edward departed to fulfil his uncle's commission, and to provide himself with a fresh supply of money from a relation who dwelt near.

The advocate did not conceal from Aimé that he had received certain information of a change in his own sentence, and that he would be allowed to retire from France soon after his arrival at Marseilles. "I hope you too, my dear fellow," he said, "will soon be equally or more fortunate. M. John de Rohan had good influence at Court, if he will exert it for you."

"He will surely do his utmost," said Aimé; "for I am his brother. Yes," he continued, as his companion manifested some surprise, "I owe you full confidence and I am certain you will not abuse it. I called myself D'Avenant, a name to which I have some right, to save my family from any share in my disgrace; and now if I should die at the hospital before my brother can give me help, I look to your kindness to inform him secretly of all that has passed since we knelt together in that desert place."

"Do not talk of dying," answered the advocate, cheerfully; "I am amply provided with money to soften our journey to Marseilles—we shall travel together in a carriage of some sort; you will lose your chain at the hospital, and soon, I trust, be restored to health and liberty; Louis may seize your estates, but he will never let you work at the oar!"

Perhaps Aimé came to the same conclusion as his fellow-prisoner, but he did not continue the conversation. The night passed in silence, if not in sleep, and when the time for starting came, the two friends, linked together by the ankles, were placed in a tolerably easy wagon.

The jailor received his remuneration, and Edward was

allowed a few minutes' conversation with his uncle, during which he conveyed to him a small parcel containing various articles to mitigate the hardships of his condition.

Aimé suffered very much during the greater part of the journey, and a doubt arose in the advocate's mind whether he would reach Marseilles alive.

Within a mile of the town Edward met the chain of convicts, and after speaking to the officer in command and showing him the reversal of his uncle's sentence, he was allowed to enter the wagon which contained the two prisoners. His first words revealed to Aimé the sacrifice which had been made for his benefit, and the advocate with a hasty almost irascible glance reproved the youth for his indiscretion.

"Do not be angry with him," cried Aimé, with deep feeling; "because he has betrayed your exceeding kindness. You have worn that hateful dress, that chain—you have borne this weary journey, for my sake, when you might have been a free man. I have no words to speak my gratitude; ah, do not grudge me the knowledge of your true friendship!"

"You estimate the sacrifice far too highly," said the advocate. "To have abandoned you without a human friend in that horrible cell, to have left you without aid to the unmitigated hardships of the chain, would have hurt me far more than wearing the badge of slavery for a few days, even if the other pains and penalties of such a condition were added."

Aimé looked at him with an expression which long haunted his memory, but he seemed too weary for farther speech, and very soon he fell asleep.

"Edward," said his uncle; "there will be formalities to

go through before I get rid of the effects of my former sentence; moreover, I shall not be a free man till I leave France. They will separate me from this poor fellow before he gets to the hospital, so you must take my place, and when you get there ask for M. André, the head physician; tell him this is no common patient, and that he must, if possible, put him in some ward apart from the other invalids, and when he is safe, then find me out wherever they dispose of me."

Not long afterwards the separation took place; the advocate was carried off to Fort St. Jean, and Aimé, with Edward at his side, pursued his way to the hospital. On their arrival the young officer spoke so effectually to the officials, that Aimé was at once admitted to the ward which had been appropriated to Arnold, and M. André himself summoned to attend him.

When M. André came to his patient, he found Arnold had left his bed and was bending over the new comer with intense and strange emotion. The schoolfellows were brought together in their calamity after a long separation. They exchanged no words, only with tightly-clasped hands they read in each other's face a tale of suffering and of constant faith.

M. André looked at them both in silence, then he took hold of Arnold's arm, saying, "This is a friend of yours; I am very sorry. Go to your bed, my dear fellow, and let me see what I can do for him."

Arnold looked an imploring remonstrance, and Aimé exclaimed—

"Do not send him away from me, doctor; you can do nothing for me; I must speak to him."

M. André observing that Arnold was completely clothed

by a loose woollen dressing-gown, brought a large chair to the bedside, and gently forced him to sit down; he then proceeded to examine the state of his patient with great tenderness, and saw at once that death was not only certain, but that it was very near. All he could do was to effect a temporary revival of Aimé's failing power, and to leave the friends to themselves. He retired to a distance, but did not quit the apartment.

Very briefly did Aimé recount the calamities which had fallen on himself. A bitter feeling had risen in his heart, which made him exclaim as he concluded—

"Arnold, war is horrible; at times I hated the name of soldier, for hot blood and enmity can turn men to demons; but there is no name in human language for those who perpetrate in cold blood, war's worst atrocities on their own defenceless countrymen."

"Let not such thoughts vex you now, dear Aimé," said Arnold, after a pause, in which horror and indignation contended powerfully with more holy feelings. "Christ will recompense a million-fold all who suffer for His sake. Oh, may He give repentance to the wretched murderers!"

"The king, the king, Arnold," cried Aimé; "how I loved him, I would have shed my blood drop by drop for him, he has stained himself with these fearful crimes—my duty, my reverence, is changed to—"

"Ah, Aimé!" exclaimed his friend, "think of him only to pray for mercy on his blind inhumanity; think of the far better Master, who has accepted the sacrifice of your mortal life, and who bids you reign for ever with Him as your recompence. Think, too, of the dear ones who have yet to pass a time of trial here; let us pray for them such prayers as cannot rest unanswered." Then from the pastor's lips

there fell words of hope and trust which banished the bitter, injured feelings of the dying soldier, and there came to him a full content, an actual joy, a perfect submission.

"Arnold," he said, "it is by a strange providence I find you here; you who first showed me what a true Christian is, you can best smooth my passage through the vale of death. It may be your life will be spared, that deliverance will come. Then if you meet my son hereafter, help him, as you helped me; speak to him of me, and tell her, my wife, how entirely I loved her, so that in these last few moments I have no thought where she is not."

Their conference was here interrupted by one of the attendants, who conducted a gentleman into the room and retired. Aimé half raised himself in the bed, exclaiming—

"My brother, my dear brother! bless you, John, for coming to me here!"

It was indeed John de Rohan, who having wrung a conditional pardon for Aimé, from the king, arrived at Marseilles after an almost sleepless journey. He heard of his brother's illness, and that he was lying at the hospital, and thither he hastened, intending to remove him to a family residence only a few hours' journey from the town. All necessary papers were made out in the name of D'Avenant, so that his family might remain unsullied by his disgrace, and John's sanguine temper led him to hope that all would end well, that his brother's health would return with the assurance of the king's mercy.

All such hope faded when he looked on Aimé's face, and he threw himself beside the bed in speechless grief. What mattered an earthly king's favour or anger to a dying man?

M. André approached, as John with incoherent words

entreated his brother "to revive, to live, to be restored to liberty and friends." The doctor again tried his skill to stop death's progress, but this time he met with little success, and could give no encouraging sign when the despairing nobleman looked to him for comfort.

"Leave us, then," exclaimed John, "if you can bring no help; I must speak to him alone. Forgive me," he added, "sorrow makes me uncourteous and unjust. Oh, the bitterness of finding him in this state!"

M. André retreated, and Arnold would have followed, if his friend had not detained him, saying—

"Stay by me, Arnold, while I live, and do you, John, get his name put instead of mine in the king's order, and take him from this place; now tell me of Marie, of Henri."

John's answer brought exceeding consolation to his brother. A letter from Italy received just before his hasty journey from Versailles, told how Henri, favoured by circumstances in a remarkable manner, had crossed the frontier and joined his mother without delay.

"Thank Heaven, he is with her now!" said Aimé, "and that both are out of France. Marie will fulfil my last order, and take our boy to England. René will do his best to hinder them, but you will help them, and if the king takes all from the widow and the orphan, you will not let them suffer want?"

"They shall never want," answered John, "in whatever country they abide; while I have power to aid them, no difference of creed shall make me thwart your last wishes."

"I know, John, I know," whispered Aimé; and those were his last words. Gently and silently he went to his rest, and as by one impulse, the Protestant and the Roman Catholic knelt together at the bedside.

John de Rohan's grief was very deep, but anger and a desire of vengeance contended with his sorrow.

Arnold's feelings were divided between distress for both the brothers; a reverential affection for the noble martyr, and a humble submissive desire that he too might depart and be at rest. As he rose and gazed on the pale beautiful face of the dead, M. André came up to him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said kindly but firmly—

"Go to your own place; if you are seen up and about, it will be said you have no business here, and they will take you back to your chain."

Arnold turned to comply, but he seemed so miserably ill, that as John de Rohan looked at him and then at his murdered brother, he burst into a passionate exclamation—

"By all the saints! this sight is enough to make one forswear king, creed, and country! Horrible! that men should suffer thus for no crime but honesty! The king does not know it—he cannot know it—but he *shall* know it!"

Arnold paused, an enthusiastic feeling restored his strength for a few moments, and he spoke in a low, clear voice, which sounded through the room like sweet music.

"The king does not know; around his Court no cruel persecution rages; he sees no blood, and when he reads the lists of poor unhappy men lured by his means to dishonesty, or driven to perjury, he takes no reckoning of those nobler men who die, who waste their lives in slavery, or give to other lands the skill, the service, due to France alone. Pity, pity the ruler, who madly wounds the land he governs, and strikes the very creed he yearns to establish. But pity not your young brother, cut off in the glory of his manhood, he is at rest, he has infinite happiness; no soldier fighting

in the holiest cause ever had more glorious death. The red shirt of the convict, is the shining robe of the martyr. Pity not him! lovely in his life, faithful unto death—"

Here his strength failed, and M. André putting his arm round him, supported him to the bed.

"Lie down," he said, soothingly; "you too will rest soon and share his happiness."

"No, he shall not, he shall not," exclaimed John de Rohan, "I promised Aimé I would get his release, and so I will if I kneel to the king before his whole Court. Hear me," he said more gently, to Arnold, "bear on a little longer, and you shall be free."

Sick and faint, Arnold could hardly utter his thanks, and the nobleman turning to the surgeon, said sharply—

"Is he dying too?"

"Something very like it, poor fellow," he answered.

"Why cannot you save him, he is not wounded?" said John, petulantly.

"Not wounded?" said the surgon bitterly; "I have done what I can for him, but his wounds lie too deep for human healing."

Here M. André took a bottle from a shelf near at hand, and pouring some of its contents into a cup, put it to his patient's lips. Arnold swallowed, as with a last effort, and soon afterwards his existence seemed to fade away within him, he slept so deeply; his face was so pale and wasted that it seemed as if life were extinct.

"He is gone," said John de Rohan, wringing his hands; "I cannot release him."

"Death has been beforehand with you, sir," said the surgeon; and stooping over Arnold, he straightened his limbs, and covered his face with the sheet. "Death has

given freedom to one of the best and kindest spirits that ever dwelt in man. The wonder is he lived so long; no other prisoner has been so sorely tried as he. Ah, sir, if you can, take his body away with you; those of his creed who die here, have but a dog's burial—let him lie with Christians!"

"He shall, he shall," said John; "the two shall lie in the same grave."

As he spoke he threw himself in the chair where Arnold had lately sat, and hid his face on his brother's pillow.

M. André allowed him to indulge his grief without disturbance for a few minutes, but the necessity of removing Arnold from the hospital without delay, soon emboldened him to propose that the nobleman should retire to a private apartment, while everything was arranged for his departure as speedily as possible.

John accepted the offer thankfully, merely repeating, "As speedily as possible."

M. André conducted him to his own room, after locking the door of the ward against any chance visitor. He then proceeded to announce the death of both the patients, and to order two coffins to be sent to the ward where they were lying.

No suspicion arose as to the reality of Arnold's death, when the surgeon declared that it had followed almost immediately on the dissolution of the newly arrived patient.

It was generally understood at the hospital that M. D'Avenant was connected by family ties with the De Rohans, and that M. de Rohan had travelled without rest from Versailles, bearing the king's pardon for his relative. No opposition, therefore, was made to the removal of Aimé's body, but some scrupulous persons objected to the respect

intended for the body of a heretic who died without any remission of his sentence, maintaining stoutly that Arnold should be laid uncoffined in the Turkish cemetery.

M. André, on the other hand, declared that it was impossible to offend a nobleman of known Catholicity, and high in the king's favour, by thwarting him in a matter of such small import; then he artfully drew a moving picture of the interview between the two friends, and their almost simultaneous death, which so touched the feelings of his audience, that the man who had been most rigid in requiring due dishonour to the remains of a Huguenot, voluntarily offered to procure a covered wagon and a discreet attendant to convey the unfortunate schoolfellows from the hospital with the privacy M. de Rohan specially desired.

M. André accepted his offer, and received a promise that the wagon should be ready to start in half an hour; he then proceeded to carry out the adventurous plan he had formed for Arnold's escape.

On his way to the ward he overtook two men bearing a long rough deal box, such as often did duty for a convict's last habitation; he admitted them with himself into the dismal room, and dispatched them as soon as they had deposited their burden to fetch a second coffin.

During the time of their absence he was actively employed in examining the planks on which Arnold's escape seemed to depend. They were of rough and knotted deal, and a very little exertion of strength enabled M. André to extract a sufficient number of knots to secure a good supply of air for his friend, even if the uppermost plank were properly fastened down. He then lined the box with two blankets, and was in the act of placing Arnold within it, when the men returned with their second load.

Without pausing, and without the slightest discomposure, M. André finished his task, and bade the men follow his example, by carefully laying M. D'Avenant in his place.

They obeyed, and while they were engaged, M. André drew the sheet from Arnold's face, looked on him for a few seconds, then closed the lid, and proceeded himself to fasten it down with large nails placed ready for the purpose.

He continually exhorted the men to use their utmost diligence, and, as they averred to incredulous hearers, his voice was hoarse and his eyes moist, when he addressed them.

The lids were nailed down, the men dismissed, the door locked, and M. André with some trepidation prepared to enlist John de Rohan as the accomplice of his plot.

With a slight warning he entered the apartment where M. de Rohan was sitting in an attitude and with a countenance that bore the traces of deep grief. He rose hastily, and received M. André's assurance that he might leave the hospital almost immediately with much satisfaction.

The surgeon opened his purpose by relating the circumstances which led to Arnold's admission into the hospital, and the cruelty of St. Merci, who would have subjected him to torture and imprisonment spite of his dying state and his innocence.

"Why pain me with the recital of that man's villany?" exclaimed De Rohan. "Providence has interfered, and put our poor friend beyond the reach of any persecutor, even the lifeless body is sheltered from insult."

"Forgive me, sir," said M. André, "I am willing to incur all the responsibility alone—that draught I gave him—it was the only means to save him—"

"By all the saints!" interjected De Rohan, in a tone of horror; "you gave him poison?"

"No, no," he cried; "I only sent him to sleep."

"To sleep! to sleep!" said the nobleman; "he is not dead then? Oh, thank Heaven, that I can fulfil my promise! —I see—cunning against violence; but you played your part to perfection, and I will carry out mine. Still, we had better have waited for his release in a legal way; it may prove a serious matter to you if the trick is found out."

"Not so serious as you might think," returned the doctor; "I have a powerful friend at Court; but the trick must not be discovered, for *his* sake as well as yours and mine. Any attempt to help him in a legal way would have proved fruitless, even if I could have kept St. Merci at arm's-length in the meanwhile. That fellow has unlimited power with persecutors in high places, and they are all resolved that a man so dangerous to their creed as Arnold Delahaize shall never recover his liberty except at the price of conversion."

"Perhaps you are right," said De Rohan; "at any rate, I thank you for enabling me to perform one of Aimé's last requests. As to forgiving his murderers, it's all very right that he should do so, but it's what I cannot do; first, however, I must see to his friend's safety. How long will he sleep, and what shall I do when he wakes?"

"You will have plenty of time to reach your château before he wakes; put him to bed at once, then give him food when he can take it; tell him gently how his release was effected, and when he is distressed, as he will be, by the idea that we have incurred danger for his sake, make as light of it as possible, only recommend prudence, that is, let him give up all correspondence with France and Frenchmen for the present, and stay quietly with his English friends,

calling himself by his Christian name. Above all, get him on board an English ship as soon as possible."

"I will, I will," said De Rohan. "I will work for his escape as if he were my brother; there is nothing else for me to do while I am waiting for my father, and poor Marie, and her boy."

"One word before we part, sir, and forgive the liberty I take—Leave your brother's murderers to the vengeance of the Almighty. You can only pursue the miserable tools, the most guilty are beyond your reach."

De Rohan looked startled: who were the most guilty? One vivid thought flashed through his mind, at variance with all his cherished creeds and prejudices. It flashed only, it did not burn, for he crushed it down hastily, and remained silent.

Further conversation was interrupted by an announcement that the wagon was ready, and soon afterwards it left the hospital with its sad load. There was only one attendant, and De Rohan rode now before, now behind his charge, till, to his infinite relief, they at last reached the château.

This was a residence little used by any of the family, except John himself, and it was at present in charge of an old Huguenot steward, a pretended new convert, and two men-servants, so that after the coffins had been carried to an upper room, De Rohan had little difficulty in releasing Arnold from his narrow prison with the secresy he wished.

The old steward, who had yielded to the converter as much from love to John de Rohan as from fear of persecution, was thoroughly to be trusted, and on him his master relied to order suitable coffins, and to fill that which would be tenantless with stones.

One large room in the château was set apart for chemical

experiments, to which at intervals John devoted many hours. This room was under the steward's special charge; no other servant was allowed to enter, and it was now selected as most proper for Arnold's retreat till his escape to England was effected.

He was laid on a bed, hastily prepared in a vacant corner, and when the steward had brought an ample store of provisions, he was dismissed by his master with a strict injunction to allow no one to approach the apartment.

John then secured the door, and seating himself by the bed, watched the sleeper with painful interest. Already he showed signs that his lethargy was abating; in a few moments his eyes opened, and he gazed as in a dream at the singular scene which surrounded him, bottles, jars, and vessels of all shapes and sizes, retorts, crucibles, and all that belonged to the chemistry of those days, were arranged in order on shelves and tables, some actually encumbering the floor. Old arms, banners, bronzes, and small statues, mingled with them somewhat incongruously, but in all the confusion there was a certain degree of neatness, and even picturesqueness, which, together with an absence of dust, was owing to the care of the old Huguenot.

Before Arnold was fully awake, John de Rohan had grasped his hand kindly, and soon with cautious words he told of his deliverance. At first he spoke to unregarding ears; but when by degrees the captive learnt his chains were broken, the effect was overwhelming, and De Rohan put off all further explanation till he had administered some of the refreshments which had been provided. Then seeing Arnold more composed, and that his looks expressed enquiries which his tongue was unwilling to utter, he proceeded to satisfy him.

As the nobleman spoke there arose in Arnold's mind a vivid picture of the last sad scene at the hospital; and his natural grief deepened to excessive distress when he found the kind surgeon and Aimé's brother had both placed themselves in jeopardy to save him.

"M. André," he exclaimed, "you too! have you both risked yourselves for me? If the secret is discovered, the king will send you both to the misery from which you have saved me."

"No, no," said De Rohan, with a smile, "we have both too much influence at Court for that; we have discussed the matter. You must give up all intercourse with France and with Frenchmen for a time, and it would be well if you used only your Christian name at present."

"You are both very kind," said Arnold sadly; "I will do my best to conceal my unhappy existence; but what will you do with me, where can I go, now that I am a source of danger to my benefactors?"

De Rohan saw he was trembling with nervous excitement, so he said promptly and kindly—

"You shall go to your English friend, Lord Langdale."

"I cannot go to him," said Arnold; "I and my name are known to all the people round."

"Never mind," answered his friend, "it will not much matter over in England; never speak of your escape, and try to make them call you Arnold. The chief thing is, to avoid all intercourse with France, or with your fellow-exiles, till in some happy moment I gain the king's ear, and get absolution from him for your escape. Don't vex yourself; at the worst it will not go hardly with us. In the meantime, you must be a close prisoner here, till your passage to England is obtained. One thing I must tell you, my poor

Aimé heard of the confiscation of your patrimony, and my father, at his request, bought your estate for a trifling sum some six months ago. Its full value shall be sent after you to England; you shall not be left destitute in a foreign land, or dependent on any man's bounty."

Arnold gave him grateful thanks, and De Rohan left him with a laughing warning not to touch any of the bottles or other objects with which the room was well stocked. He carefully locked the door, and then proceeded to take counsel with his old servant on the best means of transporting his charge to England.

The man hesitated a moment, when his master addressed him, then said—

"I need hardly fear, sir, after your kindness to that poor gentleman, to confess I have helped several of the unhappy Huguenots to pass to England by means of the master of a small vessel, who often comes here. He is very zealous in such matters, and doubtless will take charge of M. Arnold and carry him over safely."

"I should like to see him," said De Rohan, "if you can manage it."

"He is not far from here," answered the steward, "and would willingly come to you, if I may promise in your name he shall be let go again in safety."

"Certainly," answered De Rohan; "and bring him as soon as possible. I wish that poor fellow's escape to be off my mind with as little delay as may be."

The old steward introduced his friend to De Rohan the morning following his arrival from Marseilles, and the nobleman was much prepossessed in favour of his new acquaintance; for the captain was refined and gentlemanly in his address, and though his brow and cheek were furrowed

by the lines of care and passion, his countenance w engaging and interesting.

He listened attentively as De Rohan explained his desi to effect the escape of a Huguenot to England, and promis to convey him safely on board an English vessel, though h could not personally attend to the matter.

"An affair which concerns me most nearly," he sai "obliges me to be at Marseilles to-night, but my lieutenar will do your business zealously, and he is thoroughl trustworthy."

"I would not press the poor gentleman's escape s earnestly," said De Rohan, "for he is in a most helple condition from ill-usage, but I dread a recapture for hin as that would be followed by a cruel death."

The captain ground his teeth. "Ill-usage, cruelty bloodshed!" he murmured. "These are the portion Loui gives to his noblest and his most honest subjects. Thei blood, their tears cry aloud to Heaven. For this poor ma you mention, he shall be well cared for. This night, at te o'clock, four men will bring a litter for him, and wait i the copse close to your house till he joins them; then the will take charge of him, convey him to the sea-coast, an see him safe in the care of an English captain."

De Rohan expressed his satisfaction, and took out hi purse; but the captain, perceiving his intention, somewha haughtily rejected all remuneration for his risk and trouble

"To save a Huguenot," he exclaimed, "from Louis' cruelty, rewards itself."

He took his leave, recommending a sailor's dress as th best disguise for the fugitive to assume.

De Rohan went immediately to the room that Arnol occupied to prepare him for his hasty journey, and t

relieve the nervous anxiety with which he longed to quit France.

A sharp pain mingled with Arnold's satisfaction when he found his wishes were to be fulfilled so speedily; still he expressed nothing but content, and confidently maintained his capacity to walk to the copse and to bear the fatigue of the journey when De Rohan expressed some doubts on both subjects.

"Nothing but the danger of keeping you here," observed the latter, "induces me to permit your departure when you are so ill able to take care of yourself; even now I hesitate."

"No, no," said Arnold, "do not hesitate; in Lord Langdale I shall find the best and kindest of friends. In his house, too, I shall be in little danger of observation. I trust, I hope, no trouble will visit any one on my account."

"I have no apprehensions for myself," answered De Rohan stoutly; "and that good fellow at the hospital shall be sheltered in case of need. Moreover, the necessity of concealment may pass away, and then you can again associate with your old friends."

As he ceased speaking he busied himself with various arrangements for the comfort and convenience of his guest, and then left him to repose till the time of his departure drew near.

De Rohan returned in the evening, bringing with him a sailor's dress, and while Arnold assumed his disguise, his protector pressed him to accept a large sum of money, in the shape of bills and notes, as well as gold and silver. Arnold at first refused the gift, declaring that he only required a few pieces for immediate use, but De Rohan was not to be put off from his kind intentions.

"Do me the exceeding favour," he said, "of taking this from my hands. Believe that none of your creed can abhor and detest the injustice and cruelty which oppresses the Huguenots, more than I do. Let me show you what kindness I can, as some expiation for your suffering and Aimé's death. If you do not want this money yourself, give it to any of my unfortunate countrymen who have been driven to exile and poverty. Alas, the horror of this persecution has never come home to me before, and I have no power to oppose it!"

Arnold did not persist in his refusal; he received the money as frankly as it was given, and one of his first cares after arriving in England was to distribute it secretly among the Huguenot refugees. De Rohan sat with him till he judged it necessary to repair to the place of meeting. Then he summoned the steward, and placing Arnold between them, the master and servant assisted him to reach the copse, and gave him in charge to four sailors, who were in waiting with a litter.

De Rohan took leave of him very kindly, and offered money to the men who carried him, but they refused all remuneration, saying the captain always paid them himself when they were engaged on such an errand.

After carrying Arnold for some distance, they stopped at a hut where they waited for about an hour, till the arrival of a cart laden with straw, so packed and arranged as to afford a tolerably comfortable place of concealment. Arnold entered his hiding-place, a man in the dress of a peasant walked beside the cart, and thus the sea-coast was reached without any molestation. The lieutenant and some sailors received Arnold when he was released from the cart, and took him on board a small fishing vessel. They put off

to sea, and when they were about two miles from shore, the breeze freshened, and the whole party were drenched by the spray. It was some time before they hailed an English vessel homeward-bound; when they did, and the captain understood what was required of him, he readily undertook not only to convey the pastor to England, but also to see him safe to his friends. In vain Arnold pressed upon his deliverers some more substantial token of his gratitude than thanks; they all with one accord refused to take anything from him.

It was with pity, such pity as made his voice falter, that the English captain invited Arnold to take possession of his cabin, his bed, his clothes, or anything he might want. Indeed, his appearance was calculated to excite compassion in any one not dead to humanity. His wet clothes clung to him as to a living skeleton, his eyes seemed unnaturally large; his pale, hollow cheeks, his tottering gait, and grey hair, indicated a sick man of fifty or sixty years of age rather than a young man who had hardly attained his thirtieth birthday, and there was an indescribable interest in his patient suffering expression. He accepted the offer of dry clothes, but declared he would rather be on deck in the open air, than stay in the cabin. The captain, whose name was Mordaunt, assisted him down the steps, and helped him to change his dress, in spite of his protestations that he could manage for himself if time were allowed him.

"Better get it over as fast as possible," said Mordaunt, "and return on deck."

There was a looking-glass hanging in the cabin, and by chance Arnold caught sight of himself reflected in it. He started violently, then looked again, as if uncertain whose image it was, and as he became convinced he had seen his

own face, an expression of resignation succeeded the terror which had struck him at the first glance; he thought he should soon be released from a world where he had suffered so much, and where all joy was dead for him.

Mordaunt saw the effect of his mirror without appearing to notice it. He took Arnold on deck as soon as the change of dress was accomplished, and caused a mattress to be placed in a sheltered spot; then he made him lie down, and left him to repose.

Arnold did not sleep. The idea of freedom—that he was delivered from all cruel and hard restraint—came strongly into his imagination; he felt deep gratitude, but no joy. All his earthly ties had been violently severed, never, he thought, to be united again; but the heavenly tie, the love of his divine Master, which had supported him and given him comfort even in the horrible dungeon of La Trompette, and tempered the misery of the galleys, that tie was drawn so much the closer. Gradually there came over him a keen sense of existence and power, utterly at variance with the conviction of an early death, which his miserable appearance had excited. All the varied talents which he had honestly devoted to the highest purpose seemed growing to greater strength, pent up as they had been during his time of bondage. Intellect and genius seemed to circulate through his whole being. From a boy, ever since the time his mother died, he had felt that to a Christian, death is but a name for a change to a higher existence, where human love is purified and exalted, not checked or interrupted; and now the feeling came so vividly to him, that Clara, his mother, Aimé, his guardian, all seemed present with him. He could almost fancy he heard Clara's voice comforting him and telling him he had yet much work to

do on earth before he came to be with her for ever in heaven. This mood did not last very long: sleep visited him, and his dreams carried on his waking thoughts, and led him into strange fantastic happiness. When he woke, evening and night had passed over, he lay in the captain's cabin, and Mordaunt sat by his side, anxious to cheer him, and forestall his wishes. During the voyage the kind sailor was uniformly attentive to his passenger, and when he learnt the name of Arnold's English friend, he gave him news which both surprised and pleased him.

Lord Langdale had lately inherited a large estate and considerable property from a distant relation, and at the same time James the Second voluntarily offered to revive for him an old family title, and to create him Earl of Coniston. This accession of rank and wealth caused little pleasure to the childless man, but it gave him resolution to quit a place which continually kept up a sad remembrance of past happiness, and to enter on new scenes and new duties at Coniston, the residence of his deceased relative.

"My eldest boy," continued the captain, when he had related the above particulars, "is at school near Coniston; it is within twenty miles of the port where we shall land."

Arnold reflected with grateful satisfaction that the tenantry of Coniston would probably be unacquainted with his name and person, so that he might live among them with little danger of bringing his preservers into trouble.

When the ship arrived in port, Mordaunt took Arnold to his own house and gave him into his wife's care. She was anxious to retain him for a few days, till her skilful nursing had made him better able to endure the fatigue of travelling, but she did not oppose his writing to the Earl at once, and she procured him a trusty messenger.

Leaving Arnold safe and in very friendly hands, we must go back to the galley from which he was taken, and to that captain through whom John de Rohan effected his escape.

That captain was no other than Ernest St. Arnault, and the business which prevented him from superintending Arnold's flight to England, related to Arnold himself Ernest's great object since his sister's death had been to release his friend, and to seek refuge with him in England His career, from the time he left his father's house, till his return at his father's death, may be told in few words.

He distinguished himself greatly in the army, but he found all promotion stopped for him by the creed he professed. His ambitious spirit was deeply mortified, and in an evil hour he listened to the voice of the seducer, and renounced his father's faith. Promotion followed his apostasy, but his self-respect was destroyed; he ceased all correspondence with Clara, and endeavoured to drown thought by dissipation and sometimes by excessive drinking. Debt pressed heavily upon him, and some oppression of the Huguenots was required from him in the exercise of his military duty. Both combined, induced him to leave the army, and soon afterwards, dropping his surname, he joined himself to a company of lawless men, who got their living principally by smuggling. His education and his knowledge of English, together with his intelligent and daring character, gained him great ascendancy over his comrades, so that after some time they elected him their captain.

Under Ernest the band prospered, he gained large sums and the idea of paying all his debts, returning home, and taking to a respectable course of life, gained continually

greater strength. He considered that no one in Rovère connected the son of their pastor with the captain of a band of smugglers; and when he heard of Clara's marriage, and her enforced separation from her husband, he yielded to a strong natural impulse, renewed his correspondence with her, and only delayed his return to his family till he had collected a sufficient sum of money to carry out the plan he had devised for the happiness of his dearest connections.

Arnold's second arrest, followed by his condemnation to the galleys, and his close imprisonment at La Trompette, afflicted Ernest all the more that he felt powerless to rescue his friend from the calamity which overwhelmed him.

"Powerless? Was he really so, and must he helplessly suffer the iniquity which involved his sister and her husband in such bitter sorrow? Might not gold deliver even a slave from the galleys? So reasoned at last the pastor's son, and he turned his mind to the acquisition of wealth with diligence and energy, refreshing the better part of his nature by conveying Huguenots to England, as well as contraband goods.

Some leisure time, and an irresistible impulse, drew him to Rovère at a time when his sister so urgently needed the assistance and comfort of his presence, and with her he lingered, as we have seen, till she was sheltered from all earthly trouble.

The desire of obtaining Arnold's release and taking refuge with him in England, reigned almost undivided in his heart, but though he once enlisted M. André's kind offices in his favour, he found no opportunity of effecting Arnold's escape during his residence at the hospital, and on board the galleys, till the return of D'Argenton from his last voyage. Then he succeeded in gaining the ear of one of the under-

officers of the galley, who promised to aid the escape of the prisoner when there was a chance of doing so with safety.

Ernest paid this man largely beforehand, and promised a still more liberal reward when the escape was effected. He received notice from his accomplice some days before his interview with John de Rohan, that all was arranged for Arnold's escape except the prisoner's consent to avail himself of the means proposed. No doubt, however, was anticipated about his willing acquiescence, and the very night Ernest was required by De Rohan to aid in conveying Arnold to England, was the time fixed for him to repair to Marseilles, there to receive his liberated friend at the hands of the officer whom he had corrupted.

In unhappy ignorance, Ernest arrived at the city. He had well considered his plans—a proper disguise, means of travelling secretly, and a secure passage across the Channel; and it is impossible to describe the bitter disappointment, the enraged grief, with which he learnt that death had rendered useless all his anxious care.

After the first shock he grew incredulous, but the under-officer insisted on the truth of his information, adding some details of the cause of Arnold's supposed fatal illness, which excited Ernest almost to madness.

Left to himself, the unhappy man gave way to despair, mixed with a burning desire for vengeance; he had no strong sense of religion to comfort or restrain him, and his reason was darkened. On the creed he had embraced as a hypocrite, and on the king who made that creed an apology for foul injustice, he poured forth words of fearful execration.

Then he wandered about without any definite purpose till he came to a church which was partially lighted up. He tried

one of the entrances, it was slightly fastened, but the door yielded with little difficulty; he went in and approached the altar, where large wax candles were burning, and where an old priest held his vigil, or rather what should have been such, if sleep had not overpowered him. The sight of his priestly garments inflamed Ernest with fresh rage, and he laid rough hands on the terrified sleeper, who earnestly begged for mercy. Ernest answered by bitter reproaches against him and his fellows as the authors of all his grief and the destroyers of his family.

The priest recovered his fortitude, and said mournfully—"Alas! my son, if you have suffered cruel wrong in the name of our most holy faith, I had no hand in the matter. Nay, if my blood could save your unhappy race from persecution, it should flow willingly."

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed Ernest, "I will not slay you. My father saw the ruin of the church where he ministered, and died amid its scattered stones; you too shall see the ruin of your church. Sacrilege shall avenge sacrilege." So saying, he bound the old man securely, menacing him with death if he raised any alarm; then he took a small hatchet from his belt, and began a work of devastation. The church was richly stored with pictures and images of saints and martyrs, and on these Ernest worked his revenge without sparing, till the pavement was strewn with fragments.

Suddenly he paused before a picture strongly illumined by four large candles; his raised arm fell, and he seemed spell-bound; the likeness of his lost friend stood before him, and with sad earnest eyes rebuked yet pitied his reckless violence. It was that very picture of St. Sebastian, suggested by the scene of Arnold's penance.

Well had the artist done his work, and not in vain had Arnold stood so painfully as his model. The gentle human countenance, with its divine expression of martyrdom, subdued Ernest's passion to sadness. Long he gazed, then he walked up to the priest, and pointing to the picture, said—

"You do well to honour one of the truest saints and martyrs who ever suffered for his faith; but dream not this is some ancient saint tortured by heathen hands, in times of darkness. This man lies newly murdered, now in our times of light, tortured by kindred Christian hands."

There was bitter mockery in his last words, and before the wondering priest could ask his meaning, Ernest was gone. The old man lay pondering over the circumstances he had just witnessed, lamenting his own weakness in having slept on his vigil, and concluding at last that some Huguenot driven to insanity by misfortune, was the author of the devastation around him, and that St. Sebastian had at last interfered to stop the ruin by giving the madman's thoughts a new direction.

When morning came, the priest was released from his bonds by the sexton; he related his adventures, and a diligent search was instituted after Ernest. No trace of him could be discovered, and the inhabitants having no one to punish, exercised their zeal by restoring the mutilated church with richer ornaments than it had possessed before its desecration.

As for Ernest, he fled and joined his comrades with an aspect so changed, they hardly knew their captain. He declared vehemently that he must quit France, the air stifled him—the soil burnt his feet—he must go to England, or live on the sea. To their anxious questions he refused all explanation, and after some discussion the band agreed

to divide. The greater part remained in France under the command of the lieutenant, but about twenty men agreed to follow Ernest's fortunes and to cross the Channel. They reached England after a stormy passage, and for some time kept up a friendly and profitable connection with their comrades in France. Then Ernest in his restlessness entered on a new career, and, as a privateer, he distinguished himself by many wild and daring deeds, chequered by numerous traits of generosity and kindness.



## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the news of Arnold's death arrived on board the galley, it created a considerable sensation, no slave had ever earned more affection and respect. D'Argenton regretted him with an uneasy remorse, and it was almost with angry annoyance, that he soon afterwards received the announcement that the Duke de Pratelles and his party were coming on board to claim the figure of Hope, and to order several other carvings.

Marguerite looked eagerly round for Arnold, but before she could enquire the reason of his absence, the Chevalier approached with the unfinished likeness. An exclamation of disappointment burst from the duke and from Clément. Marguerite was pale and silent with apprehension, and when she heard that death had, as she feared, hindered the unhappy artist from completing his work, she could not restrain her tears.

"What caused his death so suddenly?" enquired Madame de Pratelles.

D'Argenton related briefly and unwillingly the circumstances of Arnold's innocent breach of discipline, his generosity, and the accident which caused his severe illness.

Marguerite's eyes flashed through her tears as she listened,

nd she could scarcely refrain from upbraiding the narrator s the cause of the artist's death. He was however so vidently grieved and remorseful, that she checked her mpulse, and wept bitterly in silence.

"Do not so distress yourself, my dearest child," said the luke. "The poor man's troubles are over; better for him o die than to live here miserably without hope of release. We will have masses said for his soul, for it cannot be that ny one who served our Lord so truly and honestly as this nan did, should perish because he was brought up in some rror."

"I wish with all my heart he had finished this figure. before he died," interrupted Clément.

"I have one finished work which he carved for himself," said D'Argenton. "I gave him the wood and he worked at it on holidays, or when he was allowed some time at his own disposal; it is very beautiful. I fancy it is a likeness of his wife, who died of grief after he was condemned to the galleys. If you wish to have it there is no one who can claim it. All his relations are dead, or banished, or in prison, as far as I know."

The duke signified his wish to purchase the carving; and the Chevalier fetched what really was an idealized likeness of Clara, and which, perhaps, excelled any other of Arnold's works.

Admiration stopped Marguerite's tears, but they were ready to flow again as she thought of the cold stiffened hand which had once created such rare beauty.

"My love," said her father; "you have yourself some taste for carving; perhaps if you had the same tools as this artist, with a little practice you might finish the drapery of your figure."

"Oh, no," she cried; "but I should like to have them; perhaps there is some inspiration in them, and I shall work better with them than with any others."

Her father paid the comite a good price for the tools, and when he agreed with the Chevalier about the purchase of Arnold's own property, D'Argenton declared that the money should be given for the benefit of the poor patients at the hospital where he died.

Marguerite and her friends left the galley, and for the rest of the day her usual high spirits were quite subdued. Even Clément, to whom she had been betrothed but a few days, strove in vain to cheer her.

"Let me grieve," she said. "If I had read this sad history in a novel, should not I have wept bitterly over it? How much more when it comes before me in reality. Oh! how I wish I could punish the wicked cruel men who have made such misery!"

"Hush, my dear Marguerite," said her father sadly. "They have brought the guilt of innocent blood on themselves, and that will entail punishment enough without help from my gentle daughter. This unhappy man is but one of many hundreds, pray Heaven they do not amount to many thousands!"

Leaving Marguerite to mourn and pray with mistaken fervour, for the departed soul of a man who yet lived, our story must revert to Arnold, who having dispatched a few cautious lines to his noble friend, patiently awaited their effect.

The messenger who took charge of the letter used such diligence that Lord Coniston received the communication within three or four hours after it was written. Arnold scarcely mentioned his illness, but his almost illegible hand-

writing betrayed his weakness, and his friend resolved to start at once to meet him and to bring him without delay to Coniston.

The earl had no difficulty in discovering Arnold's abode, and Mrs. Mordaunt, after announcing his arrival, conducted him to the room she had appropriated to her guest.

Arnold was sitting on the bed dressed in the disguise in which he had escaped from France. He rose at the sight of his friend, but strong emotion deprived him of all power to advance. Lord Coniston at first doubted whether it really was his young friend who stood before him, but his doubt only lasted a few seconds. There was a wistful look, an intense desire for affection, in the glance with which Arnold met his, that could not be mistaken.

Cold and undemonstrative as his manner had become since his heavy misfortunes, Lord Coniston now kindled to the warmest tenderness and sympathy; he opened his arms as he came close to the bed, and Arnold threw himself into them to be clasped affectionately to his heart. How long it was since kind arms had embraced him, and how he felt the kindness!

"You have come to me at last, my dear Arnold," said the earl; "you are come to stay with me, never again to part in life, to be to me as a son, to fill up the desolation of my home. You are weak, you are ill, but we will nurse you and bring back health and strength."

Arnold attempted to speak.

"Don't tell me anything now," said the earl. "It is enough that I have you here, that you are come to me. I have brought the carriage, and arranged it so that you can lie in it as on a bed. We will start to Coniston as soon as

you are able. What is this dress you have on? Are you turned sailor?"

"Only for disguise," he answered. "John de Rohan, Aimé's brother, brought it to me. He saved me from the galleys; he furnished me with all necessaries; he sent me to you. I cannot now tell the sad troubles that led to my release. Only this: I was supposed dead, and taken away insensible from the galley-slaves' hospital. All my friends in France will look on me as dead, and I must not undeceive them, or I shall bring punishment and trouble on my benefactors. You must call me Arnold only, and make others call me so."

"It shall be as you please, dear Arnold," said the earl; "and now I must tell you, about a fortnight ago my chaplain left me, and I am not provided with another. My people at Coniston are crying out for a clergyman. I shall appoint you. Your English is as good as mine. You shall join our Church—you always had an affection for our prayer-book, and, I think, our form of government too."

"Yes," said Arnold; "but this is not a matter to decide on hastily."

"Certainly not," answered Lord Coniston; "but however you decide, you must still be my chaplain; we will nurse and comfort you, and try to make you forget your cruel sufferings. You must let us spoil you a little."

"No, my dear lord," said Arnold, earnestly and even anxiously; "you must not treat me so; in a few days, if it please Heaven, I shall be able to do something, and then you must give me work at once, and not look on me as a sick man."

"There is your old friend, Mr. Graham, the surgeon, staying with me now," said the earl. "I shall give you up

) him, he is too kind, too sensible, to keep you in his hands ne moment longer than is necessary, but you will find im an arbitrary governor while he has you."

"I cannot but submit to my old master," said Arnold, ith the only cheerful smile his friend had seen since they let. "But he will not be hard on me now."

"I should think not," said Lord Coniston. "And there Editha longing to see you, and ready to receive you ith open arms, as her dear cousin. When do you think ou will be able to travel to Coniston?"

"You are only just arrived, you must give yourself rest," aid Arnold.

"Which means," returned Lord Coniston, "you are eady to start at once. So let it be; I am not fatigued, and want to have you at home and under Mr. Graham's care. ou shall say good-bye to your kind hostess, and then I will arry you off."

When Mrs. Mordaunt found that her charge was really eparting, she would have remonstrated on the imprudence f travelling in such a sickly condition, but she did not like o oppose a lord, and she was somewhat re-assured when he heard of the arrangements made in the carriage for rnold's accommodation. Captain Mordaunt, who came ome just in time to take leave of his late passenger, saw ith much satisfaction the care and tenderness with which e was treated; he even thought there was considerable nprovement in his looks since he landed.

The journey to Coniston was accomplished in due time, nd Arnold suffered little from fatigue. Mr. Graham, hose own health had prevented him from accompanying ie earl, met the carriage in the castle grounds. He shook ands cheerfully with his old pupil, remarking with a voice

which only a strong effort kept from faltering, that he was glad to see him in England again. He then assumed a despotism over him which no one disputed, insisted on putting him to bed at once, and forbade him to speak a single word except in answer to the questions he put regarding his health. After busying himself a considerable time in providing everything that could give his patient ease and comfort, and seeing him fall fast asleep, he retired to his own apartment to weep bitterly over the wreck to which his favourite was reduced.

"Yes, yes," he said, when at last Lord Coniston sought him out, and made anxious enquiries concerning Arnold's recovery; "he may get well in the course of time, but he will be weak and sickly for months to come. In the meanwhile we must try and make the poor dear fellow as happy as possible, and so lessen the sense of his isolation, and console him for the loss of his wife and his early friends. There's Editha, the most endearing little puss I ever met—set her to coax him—I know she turns me round her tiny finger."

"She is very anxious to see him," said the earl.

"He had better stay quiet till to-morrow morning," said the surgeon; "then if he wishes it he shall sit up a little, and Editha can come to him. I will go now and see how he is getting on; though when I think what he was and what he is, it breaks my heart to look at him."

The morrow came, and Arnold gladly availed himself of Mr. Graham's permission to rise; the doctor made him put on a gay coloured flowered dressing-gown of his own. He insisted also on arranging his hair, though he nearly lost patience over one rebellious lock, which would come down over the forehead and not stay backward with its fellows.

"It always was so," said Arnold, almost laughing; "I never could help it."

When the toilet was finished to Mr. Graham's satisfaction, he gave Arnold his arm, and conducted him to another room where the sun shone cheerfully in, and the window looked over the garden to the sea. He made his old pupil lie on a soft couch, and then uttered a long-restrained assertion of superior wisdom, exclaiming—

"If you had taken my advice and turned doctor, all this would not have happened to you."

"Believe me, my dear sir," said Arnold seriously, "never, when matters were at the worst with me, never did I repent my choice, to be a minister of God's Word."

"Ah!" he answered, looking steadfastly in his face; then adding after a pause, "there is a little lady who wants to pay you a visit; may I bring her now?"

"Editha?" he said, "I shall be very glad indeed to see her."

Mr. Graham found Lord Coniston and his grand-daughter together in the library.

"That staunch fellow Arnold belongs to the noble army of martyrs," was his salutation.

"Have you only just found that out?" said the earl.

Editha looked from one to the other a little bewildered. Her lap was full of flowers which she had gathered from her own garden for a present to her new cousin Arnold, for so Lord Coniston had desired her to call him.

She took her grandfather's hand, and they both went to the room where Arnold was expecting them. Editha was seized with shyness at first. She thought "cousin" Arnold was an old man, not at all like what she expected to see, but when he smiled and held out his hand to her, she came at once and presented her flowers. A singular thrill of plea-

sure passed through him as he took them, and he thanked her earnestly. She looked gratified, and stood at his knee, receiving his caresses with quiet pleasure; her eyes were fixed on his face with an intentness which at last called up a faint tinge in his hollow cheeks; then she looked down a moment and enquired—

"What did Mr. Graham mean when he said you belonged to the noble army of martyrs? Are you a soldier? You don't look as if you would fight."

"He is a brave soldier, Edie, "said the earl; "but he does not fight with sword and spear, he has much better weapons in his armoury. Now fetch him the vase from the table there, and ask for some water for the flowers."

Editha obeyed, and Arnold arranged his flowers in the vase. He handled them lovingly, and grouped them according to their colours as if he were making a picture. The child looked on as children like to look on at what their elders do, and as the vase grew full, she exclaimed—

"Ah! what have you done to the flowers?—they look twice as pretty as they did before."

"I have only made one colour help the other," said Arnold, "and you know we all gain by helping each other."

"I like you very much," said Editha confidingly, "but I can't call you cousin, you are too old, I will call you papa Arnold; may I?"

"You may call me whatever you please," he said, kissing her.

"That will do just as well, Edie," said the earl; "but he will grow younger as time goes on, and you will grow older and a little less frank."

They stayed with him for an hour or more, till Mr. Graham came in and required repose for his patient.

Days and weeks passed, during which Arnold gradually gained strength. Again he performed the duties of a pastor as a clergyman of the English Church, and found there was still much happiness left for him in this world and its employments. He soon knew every person, every child in the place, by name, and attracted affection in England as he had done in his native land. The memory of Clara closed his heart against any second attachment, but he was especially sympathetic with the affections of others, and any faithful young lover was sure of his interest and help. Editha was to him as a daughter, and she loved him only second to the earl.

So time went on till other characters came on the scene, and the son of his old friend Aimé de Rohan joined him in his exile. Arnold felt his deeply wounded spirit revive in the atmosphere of warm affection which surrounded him. The light-hearted cheerfulness of his early days, which seemed crushed for ever, came back to him; and in Henri de Rohan, he seemed to live his youth over again.

FINIS.

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

186, FLEET STREET,
*August*, 1863.

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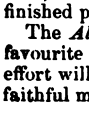
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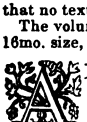
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